TRUE WEST

NO FICTION

47305

October, 1974

A HIGHWAYMAN'S GOLD BARS

CHEROKEE BILL'S BROTHER

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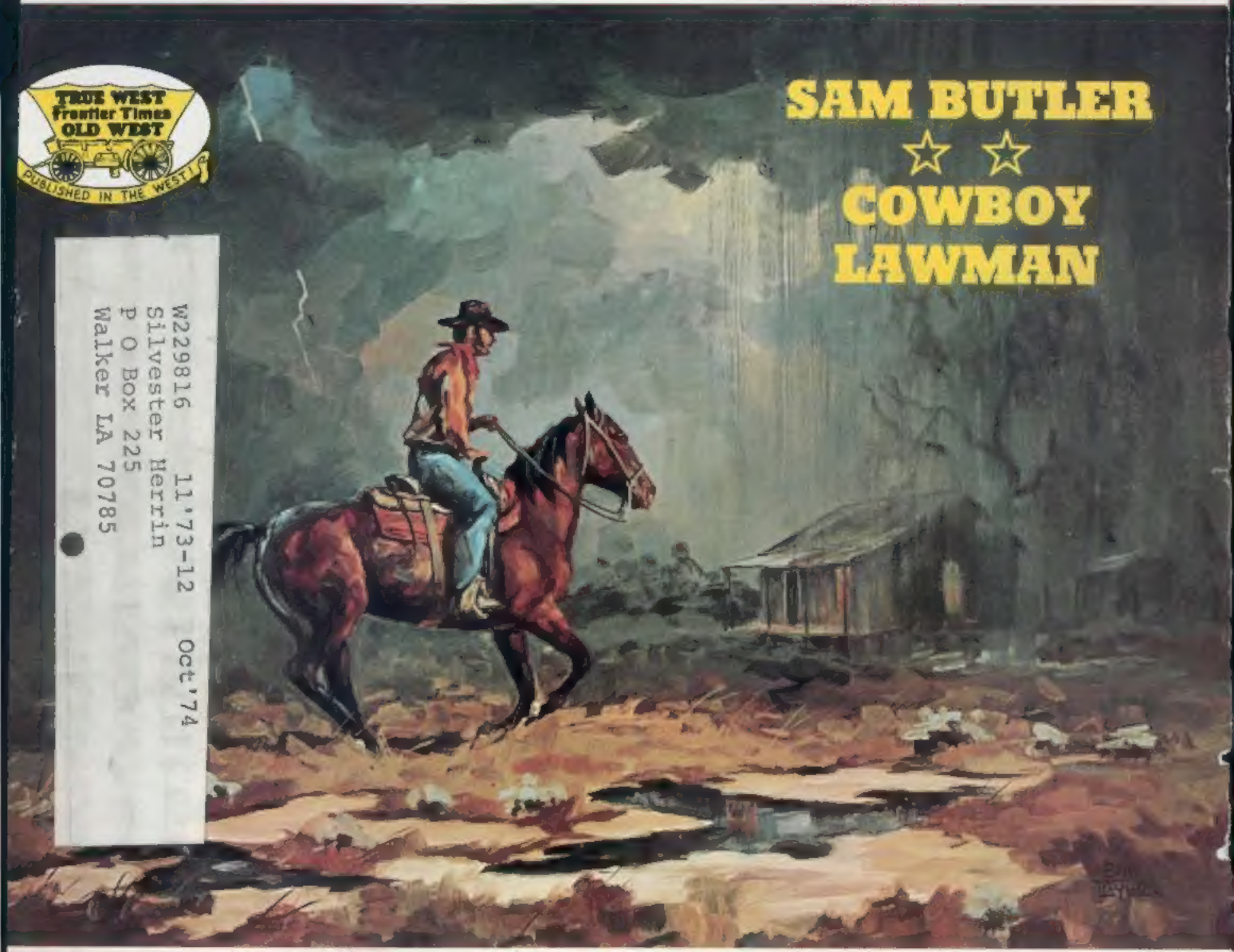

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MAJOR COLLINS' LOST MINE

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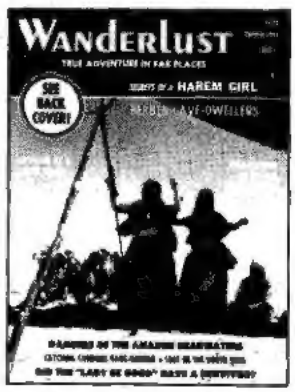

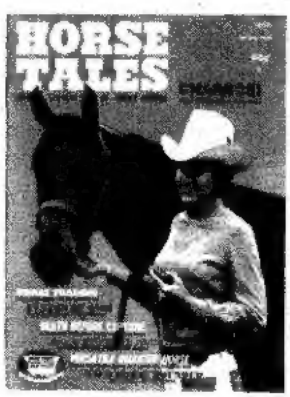

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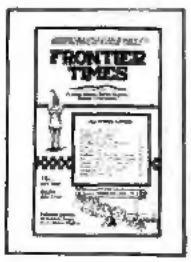

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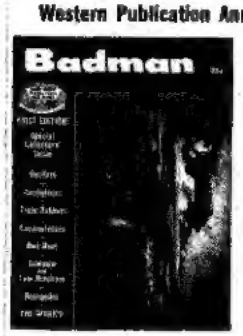

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

September-October, 1974
Volume 22, No. 1
Whole No. 125

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER	JOE AUSTELL SMALL	ROBERT SMALL
Editor	Publisher	General Mgr.

Mary Sanders	Bill Seymour	Marilyn White	Mildred Holley
Editorial Asst.	Design/Production	Circulation Mgr.	Advertising

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Bob Taylor

"Sudden Downpour"

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 60¢ per copy. $6.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $7.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas.

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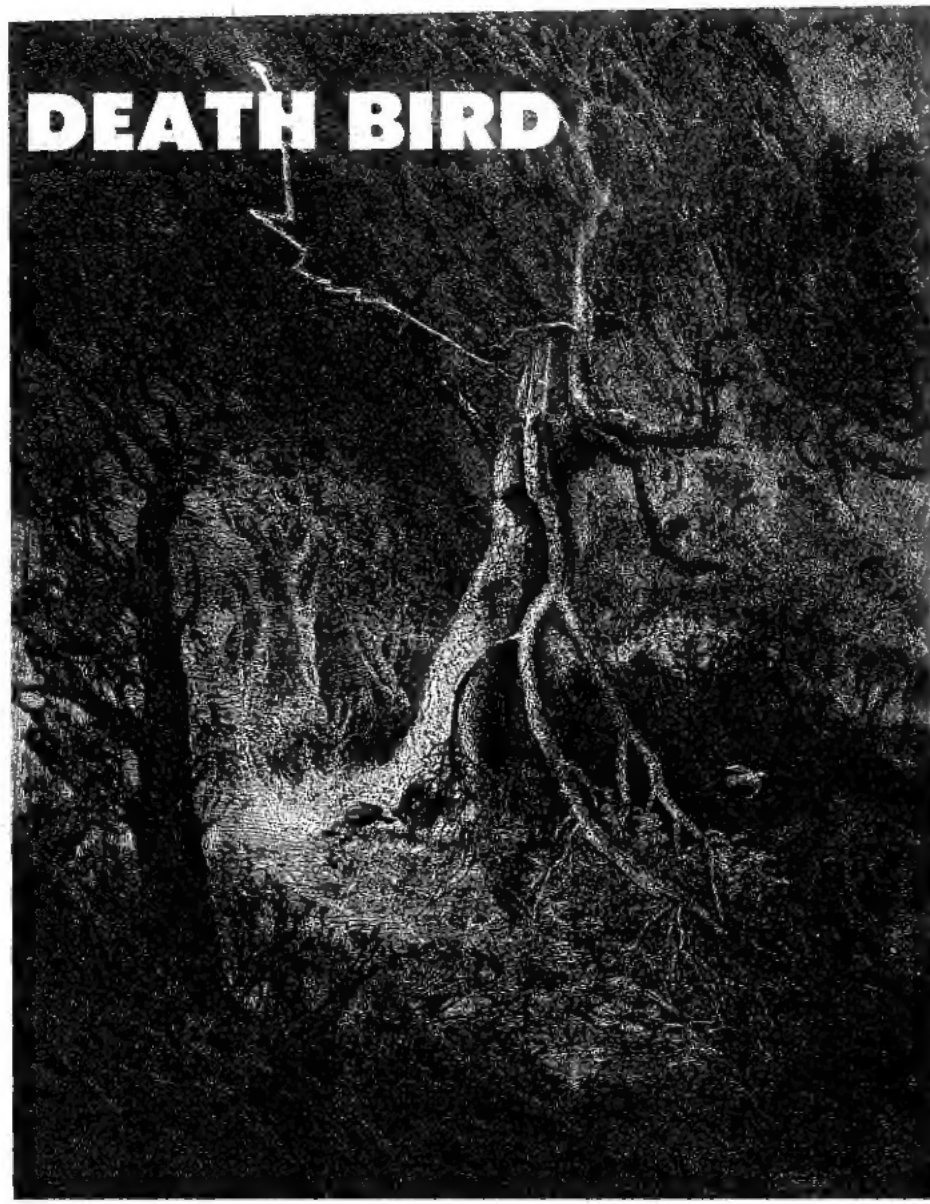
CRY of the DEATH BIRD



FROM time to time I am going to give you what I think are choice bits from the old OLD HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES, which we are now reprinting in facsimile. As I stated once before, we have hesitated in mailing brochures, screaming and hollering and frothing at the mouth, since there are a few of our readers who would call us "money hungry." Also, again, I would *love* for those readers to get into the magazine business in *any form* today! When you have to pay 5c per copy to merely be carried on the stands in most of the grocery, drug and other big store chains (not the individually owned newsstands that are fast disappearing), then you are going to be losing money real soon, what with everything else going up. In that case, you either have to go up on your single copy rates, get out of the business, cut down pages, or do something drastic.

It used to be fun in the magazine business. Even though I worked my fool head off, day and night (and that's no kidding!), we had free enterprise in the publishing business then and it was worth it. Every time I asked the boys to jump on the wagon and help out, *if they liked what we were doing*, some of them would write us a joking letter and say, "Old Hosstail is getting out his crying towel again." I suppose I was, but in my mind there was a tremendous difference between crying and asking someone to lend a hand if they thought the cause was right. However, we didn't have the big interests and other elements creeping in for a bite of the remains, that we do today.

If you cannot get FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST, or OLD WEST at the places you have been getting them, ASK THE MANAGER WHY.

Anyhow, instead of worrying myself sick over what is going to happen next, I like to pick up a copy of the old issues of FRONTIER TIMES and just drift back into an era that has almost been forgotten.

Take the October, 1923 issue which is Volume 1, No. 1. Since these old issues were printed in one color and are not of the newsstand-sales type, many of you will miss the quaint flavor, superstitions and the actual almost impossible living conditions and *tremendous* stories of that day unless I bring one of them to you occasionally. I could point out that you could subscribe for these facsimile copies of this old, fascinating magazine that we are reprinting monthly EXACTLY AS IT WAS but I don't want to be called "money hungry" by some of the brethren who think we are rolling in dough.

But such talk is negative and it is good to feel that as long as you can survive, are in no bodily danger, and feel up to kicking a dry cowchip now and then, you ought to be downright thankful that you are not in the shoes of those old pioneers, many of whom had to go through experiences similar to the following. So, without messing up the whole story with quotation marks, here is that short article from the October, 1923 FRONTIER TIMES.

By ISAAC MOTES

ALMOST every western frontiersman of fifty years ago believed thoroughly in the existence of a death bird. This bird was supposed to fly around at night and give warning of impending danger. Especially was it believed to be the protector of officers of the law, and women and children. Many old plainsmen will tell you of cases where the death bird was believed to have saved their lives, and woe to the man who heard its cry and heeded it not. So far as I can learn, this bird has never been seen by eyes of mortal man in the daytime, but it was supposed to be a medium-sized owl with long slender wings, black as midnight, and with an unnaturally large head and beak.

The first time I heard the weird cry of this bird was in 1871 while a Ranger in West Texas. Many Indians still hung upon the Texas frontier and the Rangers were stationed in different sections to protect scattered settlements. In June of this year myself and four other Rangers were stationed at Albany in what is now Shackleford County. Rumors of an Indian raid from the Territory (to which the Comanches had been forcibly removed) suddenly reached our village and as most of our force was at Fort Worth, 100 miles away, it was necessary to send word to them to return at once.

A friendly Indian called Indian Jim was with us. He had a very fast horse and was sent by our lieutenant to Fort Worth to hurry the return of the Rangers. He set off early one morning, intending to ride the 100 miles and return on the third day. But the third day came to an end and still he did not come. We were now thoroughly alarmed. At noon on the fourth day I mounted my horse at the command of our lieutenant and started for Fort Worth to see what had become of Indian Jim and to hurry the Rangers north, while the lieutenant sent other men to Fort Concho—150 miles to the south—to notify some Rangers at that fort.

I traveled all that afternoon, keeping as much as possible in the timber and on the ridges so as to avoid being ambushed. When some fifty miles from Fort Worth and while traveling over flinty, rocky ground, my horse went lame, and I had to travel very cautiously, as it would have been a nasty plight had I been attacked by Indians under these circumstances.

(Continued on page 54)

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Truly Western

Den Galbraith

On the night of April 17, 1974 the lighted M on Mount Zion at the Colorado School of Mines was altered to spell out DEN.

Den Galbraith is the first person to be honored in this way—a gesture and tribute from the school which meant so much to him and which will miss him greatly.

Your magazines have long carried Den's treasure and mining stories, but your readers may not know that Den wrote from his own personal experiences and wanderings. Following World War II he was awarded a Professional Engineer degree in Geology. Writing was his second love (or maybe his first) but, like most of us, there were not enough hours in the day. Had his sudden and untimely death not cut him short, the West would have had a superior chronicler, for he hadn't scratched the surface of all the tales he could have told.

This excerpt from *Ore Digger*, Colorado School of Mines publication, sums it up: "So when the lighted DEN was emblazoned on the mountain, those who knew Den Galbraith experienced a strong personal emotion. Those same letters also marked the end of the Mines Centennial Year and immortalized a modern folk hero."

I knew him for twenty years—I wish it could have been more.—Robert R. Allen, 1900 - 19th Street, Golden, Colorado 80401

New Mexico Magazine Index

I am working on a service project for schools and libraries in the Southwest. As a school librarian before retiring, I saw that past issues of magazines cannot be easily used for reference or research if no index for that magazine is available. I am preparing a Subject Index of the state-published *New Mexico Magazine*. If readers are interested in using back issues of this magazine, indexes are now available, and I'll be glad to provide more information. Completed this spring was an Annotated Subject-Photo Index for 1966-1970, and a 1971-1973 Index. An Index for 1960-1965 will be ready in July, and one for 1932-1959 in September. Each booklet has a Maps Index, and an Index of Subject Headings in the front.

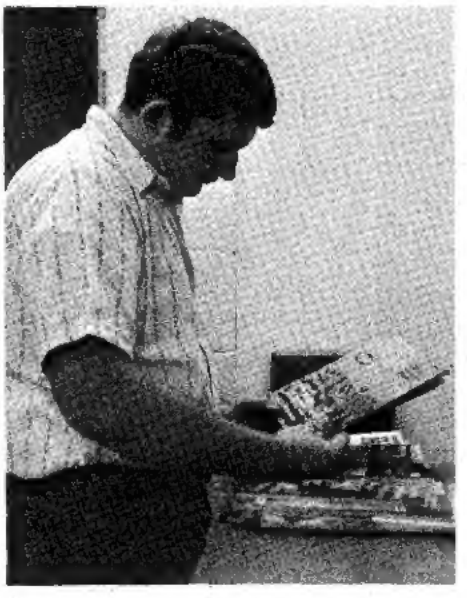
In connection with the Indexes I am seeking past issues of the *New Mexico Magazine* and re-cycling them to school and public libraries needing them. I need any issues of the magazine readers may have to sell.—Mrs. Henry Deters, 1100 Nelson Road, Raton, New Mexico 87740

Our Magazines Help Out

In an effort to "do something different for a change" our high school speech teacher, Miss Wilma Logue, recently assigned her students to research and give a speech about a notorious person.

As journalism teacher, it was mine and my students' job to cover the happenings in the school news. The first snag those speech students hit was lack of information on the people they chose for their speeches. They exhausted both the school library and the local city library. Since I am a dyed-in-the-wool "Okie" and am a voracious reader of all things Western, it was my collection that got them out of a bind.—Reba Reading, Box 645, Barnsdall, Oklahoma 74002

Student Mike Chuning found TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, and OLD WEST to be a valuable source of information on the old days.



Madstone for Sale

I'm not going to be formal about this letter, but I want to say thank you so very much for publishing my letter of a year ago concerning my father's people, the Wilkinson and Van Landingham families. I have had some very good letters and have come quite a long way with it.

I hope it was your magazine I read a story in about "Madstones." I have one that my mother's father, Adelbert Sherman Felton, took out of a cow's stomach in 1882, around Fairbault, Minnesota Territory. They owned a farm there. I want to sell it to the highest bidder. Would you please let your readers know? —Mrs. Evelyn Lien-Lowrie, 1492 Fairgrounds Road N.E., Salem, Oregon 97303

A Cold Trail Got Hot!

Last Summer, with scant hopes, sent you an item for "Trails Grown Dim." Pursuing information on the life of slave-born black George McJunkin, and the Roberds family with whom he'd been working, I asked your readers to write me.

Well, your TRUE WEST prove a conduit to solid information and useful leads. I have thanked the nine people who responded, and one of them, A. J. Stanton, suggested TRUE WEST should also be thanked. I agree.

Accordingly, the thrust of this letter is to thank you for putting me in touch with readers who know much and share freely. Several respondents answered my thank-you notes with still more data. More than half of them have written three or four times. From that little item in "Trails Grown Dim" the spin-offs have been multiple. I have been the chief beneficiary, but I believe several of the reader-writers have also had bonuses of satisfaction.

Beyond their shared memories, their suggestions of people to write or interview, or publications to consult, there were some extraordinary efforts made in my behalf. For instance, a retired telegrapher in Temple, Texas has provided reams of written material. With his cooperative wife—a member of a distinguished family of Texas governors—a special automobile trip was made to check on a locale for me. They took pictures and forwarded them. Another respondent, a disabled Marine, has searched dozens of books trying to clear up a special point of Texas history for me. An interview with an erstwhile cowboy and fan of your publications yielded the loan of an out-of-print book of non-fiction, offered splendid leads as well as access to his files. From Florida the scion of one of the well-known pioneer families of the Southwest wrote, giving names of other sources. A young black woman from Bakersfield, California responded with references to black history. A seventy-nine-year-old from Soap Lake, Washington typed a witty couple of letters reflecting a lot of information and a little nostalgia for Colorado.

If my mail is typical of your readers, I'd guess your "consumers" have vast differences in background and outlook, but close similarities in certain traits. I think there would be no consensus among them on how to make chili, whether Houston should have hanged Santa Anna, nor what should be done about President Nixon, if anything. But the similarities of these readers would include warmth, helpfulness, and a ten-

(Continued on page 61)

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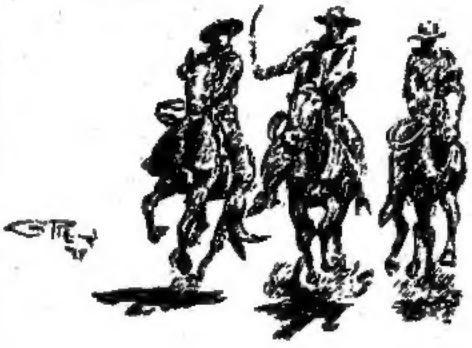
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.



DREDGING!

We hadn't realized until recently that the rugged art of dredging lacks a definitive history. *Gold Dredger's Handbook* (Exanimo Press, Segundo, Colorado, $4.00) by Karl von Mueller, makes a start toward providing for this omission. We remember that dredging was a land-destroying process employed by pioneer California and Nevada gold miners. Dredging and hydraulic mining left their monuments of erosion and destruction in many places. We learn that dredging operations brought up treasure at Fort Bridger, Wyoming and coins, gold, jewelry and other valuable modern artifacts have been the payoff for operations in the Arkansas River in the Royal Gorge along Denver and Rio Grande tracks. A prospective dredger should consult a book such as this before going into business. He is given suggestions on where to dredge for gold, gems, coins and antiques. There are facts about operating dredges, equipment to buy and how to use and maintain it, plus costs. We were particularly interested in information on selling treasure that is found and recovered. There are hazards you need to know about.

REPRINT OF A CLASSIC

In 1936 those interested in Western history acclaimed *Interwoven, A Pioneer Chronicle* written by a kind Texas gentlewoman named Sallie Reynolds Matthews. The book found a ready market and soon was out of print and selling for more than the original price. The present third edition was published by the University of Texas Press and sells for $10.00. A classic about early ranch family life, *Interwoven* is an honest uncolored account of how Texas pioneers survived drought, Indian raids and low cattle prices. Daughter of parents from the Deep South, Sallie Reynolds Matthews' family moved west in interrupted stages until they reached Throckmorton County where the Clear Fork of the Brazos snaked through the plains. Cattle ranching provided the major source of income in the area. Sallie's father was a rancher and so were her husband and sons. All were important figures in the Texas and Southwestern Cattlemen's Association. As a bride, she moved into a drafty shack which was soon turned into a livable home. The Matthews house became the center of neighborly communion and entertainment. The family sponsored educational activities and was prominent in founding the Presbyterian Church movement in their part of Texas. The book's format follows that designed by Carl Hertzog of El Paso, who published the second edition in 1958. Texas artist, E. M. "Buck" Schiwetz, provided a number of appropriate illustrations. Excellent for Westerniana readers.

TOY PISTOLS

Most every young boy has more than once strapped on a toy pistol and swaggered about trying to emulate his favorite cowboy or frontier hero. We now learn that toy pistol collecting is be-

(Continued on page 64)

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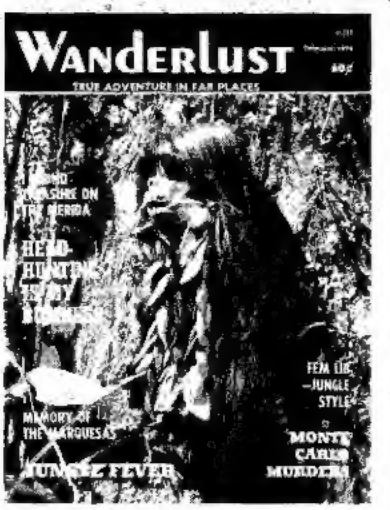
HEAD-HUNTING IS MY BUSINESS!



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* * *

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: JUNGLE FEVER (Mexico) . . . MONTE CARLO MURDERS . . . 47 RONINS OF AKO (Japan) . . . I FOUND TREASURE ON THE MERIDA (Virginia Coast) . . . MEMORY OF THE MARQUESAS (South Seas) . . . LAST FRONTIER (Australia) . . . CROC HUNT IN HAITI . . . TIMBUKTU . . . FEM LIB MOVEMENT-JUNGLE STYLE (Peru) . . . ALLAH, MAY I DIE IN MECCA (Afghanistan)

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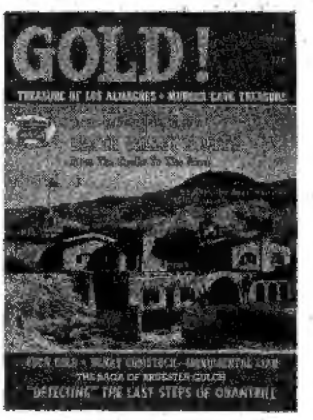

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* * *

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Armstrong-Olive Feud

I would like information on Reverend Thomas Armstrong, probably "Thomas Rufus," who died somewhere in Texas in 1869. Originally he was from North Carolina and arrived in Texas about 1856 (Christian Church). He was the father of William Burrage Armstrong, founder of the old Stagecoach Inn at Salado, Texas.

I would also like information on the Olive-Armstrong feud. It stemmed from Olive shooting two Armstrong brothers and Olive getting shot in Belton. Two other Armstrong brothers were arrested for the shooting but were acquitted. They were Noah and Theodore. My records indicate this happened in 1889. All Armstrong brothers above were sons of William Burrage Armstrong.—Billy R. Armstrong, Sr., 12237 Palm Springs, N. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87111

Doshie Scoville

I am seeking some information concerning the above woman, whom I believe to be my grandmother. I don't imagine she is still living, but if she is, she would probably be in her nineties or older.

When I was a small child I was removed from the custody of my real parents and placed in a foster home. My foster parents took me to meet both my real father and mother later on, when I was about twenty-one. I was around both of them considerably more, and through them got acquainted with my mother's adopted father, William McCully, living in Aledo, Illinois. He was married then a second time and I could have found out then all I wished to know about Doshie Scoville, but didn't. Later, when I decided I wanted to know more about this person, those who could have told me were deceased.

I asked my mother about this person, but for personal reasons she refused to tell me anything. Now both she and my father are deceased. My mother's name, the one she used throughout her life was Ora May (McCully) Icenogle (first marriage) Crum. She was born in or near the Gallatin or Pattonsburg, Missouri area and at the age of eighteen months was adopted by William McCully and his first wife, Jane. I have found and read the adoption record and in it her name was given as Ora O'Doshie Scoville. All the information she would tell me about her real mother was this: "Jane and Wm. McCully adopted me. Wm. McCully is my real father, Jane is my adopted mother. That is all I am going to tell you."

My grandfather's second wife did tell me, "Ora's real mother kept in touch with her all the time she was married to your father and while you children were with them. She sent you Christmas presents and other things. However, your mother did not want anything to do with her." I know now, if I had listened, she would have told me more.

After I finally decided to try and locate her, living or deceased, I finally found the adoption record I mentioned and one other person who told me this: "I knew your grandfather, Bill McCully, when he and his first wife lived around Pattonsburg, Missouri, very well. They were well respected people. I remember a woman, an unmarried woman, I believe, who made her home with them. Her name was Doshie Scoville. She was small, dark and rather a peculiar person. They ran a home laundry at that time and she helped with this work. After they left the Pattonsburg area, I don't know where she went or what happened to her."

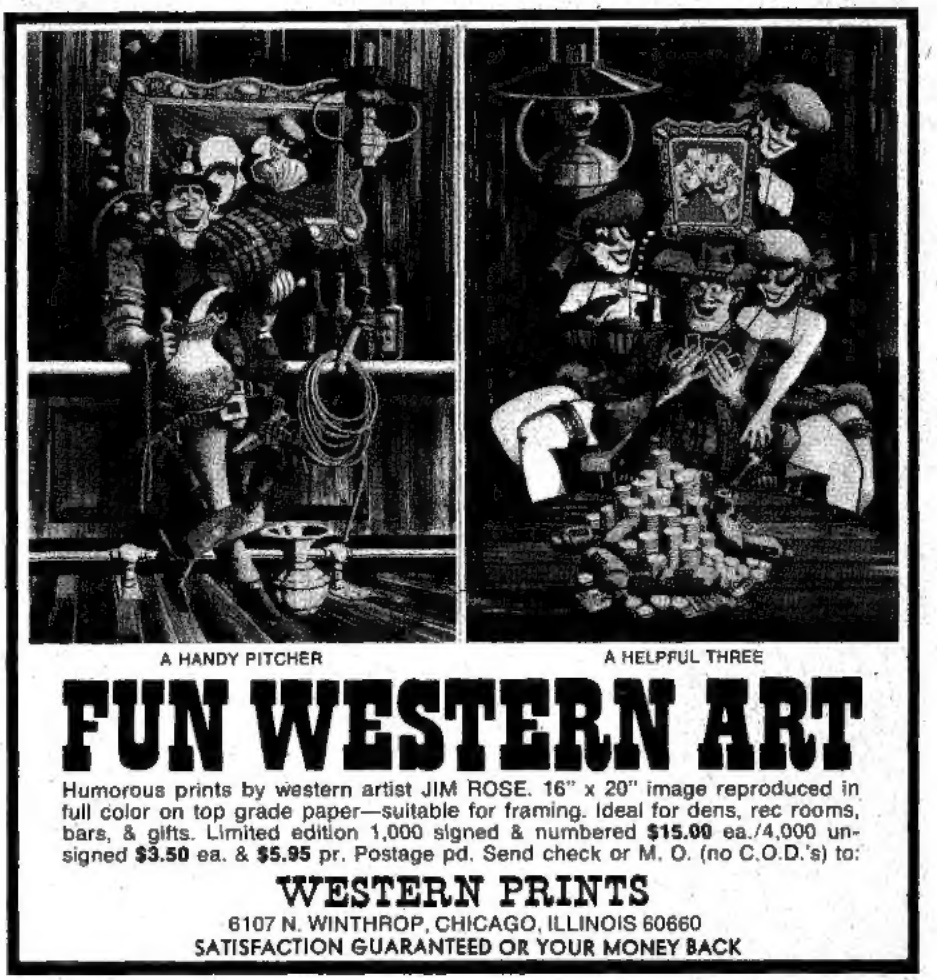
My mother was born about 1893. The McCullys then moved to Aledo, Illinois when she was about twelve years of age. She married my father, James Earl Icenogle there and my brothers and sister and myself were born there and later on removed legally from their custody. If anyone has information at all about Doshie Scoville, please write.—Mrs. Ferris I. Prather, Box 14, Oatman, Arizona 86433

Lucus (Lukus)-Dlugosch

I am seeking information on the Lucus or Lukus family. My grandmother was Melinda Lucus. Melinda married Maylon Teague. What was Melinda's mother's name and what was her father's first name? Did either have sisters or brothers? Melinda died around 1925 or 1926 when I was born. My mother did not know who Melinda's parents were. I would appreciate hearing from any descendants from both sides. I was told Melinda was half-Indian. I will answer all letters.

I would also like information on my grandfather. I have his pension records. He was Joseph Dlugosch, born in Silesia, Prussia on March 25, 1838. When did he come to America? Did he come alone,

(Continued on page 59)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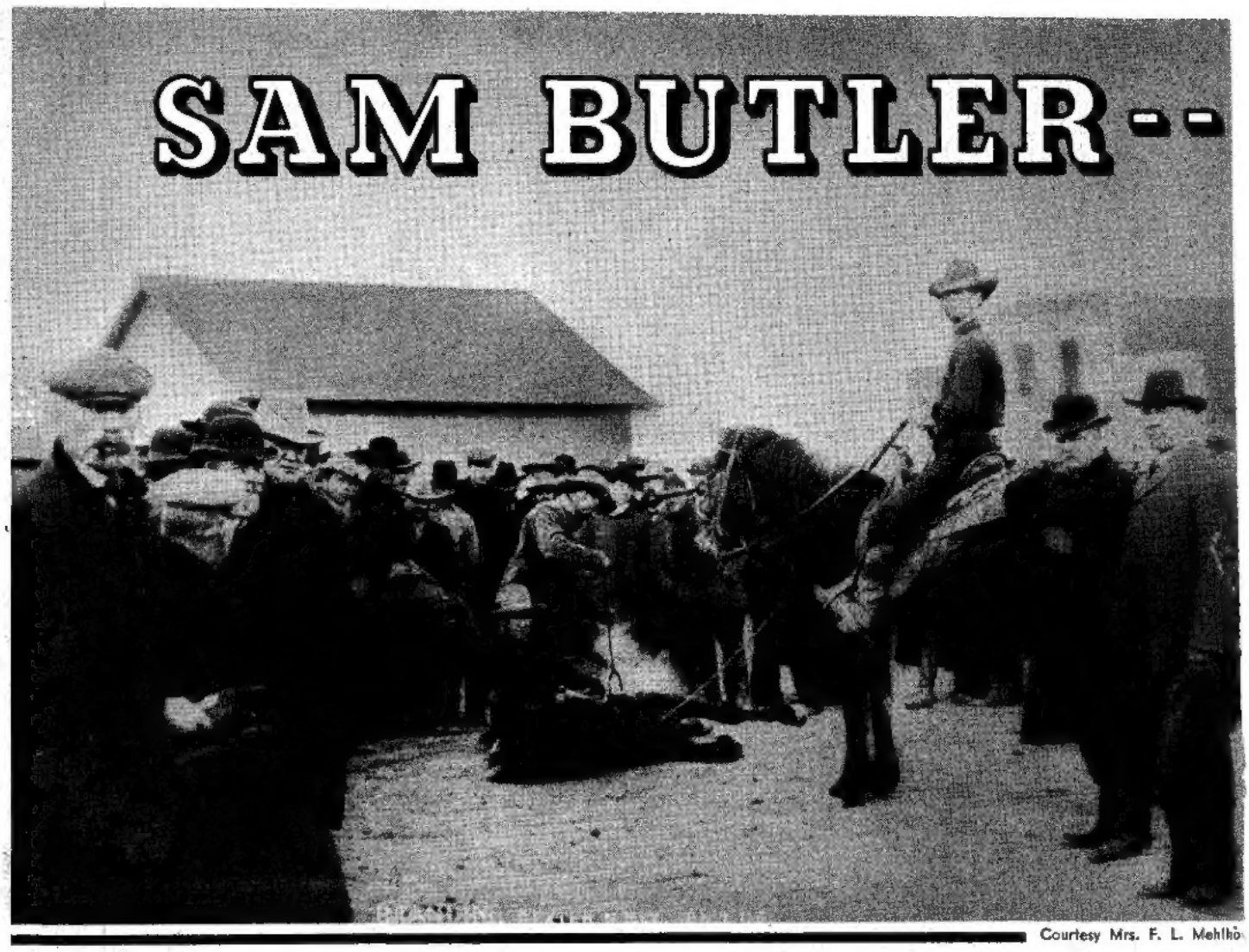
SAM BUTLER--



Courtesy Mrs. F. L. Mehlho

NO COUNTRY ever produced such unique characters as the Southwest cattle country. No man was ever a more unique individual than Sam P. Butler. If he was your friend, he was not the fair-weather kind but went all the way. If he was an enemy you knew that, too, but you need not fear being shot in the back.

Butler was born January 5, 1868 in Oxford, Mississippi. He came as a young boy of sixteen to New Mexico and worked one year as a ranch hand before returning to his home in Oklahoma. In 1890 Butler came to New Mexico to remain for the rest of his life. He first located at the town of White Oaks. As he had spent his boyhood in Oklahoma, western life was not strange to him. He could and did take care of himself. At this time Southeastern New Mexico was a natural haven of outlaws and adventurers. The bitter bloodshed of the Civil War made life cheap. Very little law existed and it was difficult to enforce. If a man was to live, he had to be an accurate marksman and quick on the draw. The Lincoln County War had ended in July 1878, but the country remained in turmoil another decade.

Life at this time was an adventure and challenge to a young man like Sam Butler. He was now about twenty-three years of age, five feet eight inches tall, weighed 140 pounds, had blue eyes and auburn hair. He also had the smallest foot, for a man, I ever saw. In manner he was cool, quiet, modest, free from bluster and bragging—not quarrelsome in any way.

Young Butler secured employment first with the Angus V. V. Ranch. This was one of the most important early ranches in the region. Brandon Kirby combined the Pat Garrett, John W. Poe, Goodin and smaller ranches on Eagle Creek to form one large ranch later known as the Cree Angus V. V. Ranch. Capital from Scotland was involved.

This rugged country was excellent training for a young cowboy. Sam received a check on December 1, 1891 from the Angus V. V. Ranch for the sum of $11.25. How long he worked for this amount, I do not know. The check was drawn on the First National Bank of Santa Fe, New Mexico, signed by James E. Cree and James Normand as manager(s). The check was cashed December 10 at the First National Bank of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Banks were scarce in the Territory.

Pat Garrett had resigned as manager of the V. V. four years before Butler arrived, and was replaced by John W. Poe. Poe was probably Butler's first ranch boss.

Sometime later Butler went to work as a wagon cook for the old C A Bar Cattle Company, owned by the future governor of New Mexico, James F. Hinkle.

On January 7, 1905 in Dexter, New Mexico, a group of northern land-seekers and the usual land agents paused to watch cowboy Sam Butler brand a colt. Sam's friend Art Cazier held the animal down. Below, Sam on board his chuckwagon headed for the roundup.

Courtesy the J. F Hinkle Family.

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COWBOY LAWMAN

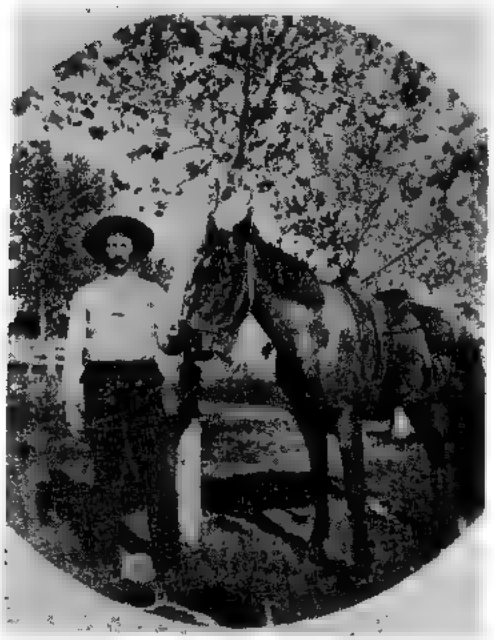
Sam's badge was struck at a difficult time—for his heart was with cattle, and every law seemed to be fencing them in or pushing them farther west...

Courtesy Alice Ware Ebbetts, New York City.

By CHARLES P. STERRETT

Photos Courtesy Author

Sponsored by Mrs. F. L. Mahlhop of the Dexter (New Mexico) Historical Society; researched by W. H. "Bill" Dearholt.



Above, Sam when he arrived at the CA Bar Ranch in 1901. Center column—Sam was made the cook for the CA Bar Ranch on the Rio Penasco. Upper right—Sam in later years. Note the size six boots.

EFFICIENT COOKS were scarce but meant much to the cow camps. Men worked long hard hours in the wind, dust and bad weather. They received little pay. For these same reasons many cowmen, including Butler, used a moderate amount of liquor.

As camp cook, Butler was unsurpassed. His sourdough biscuits and son-of-a-gun stew were known far and wide.

Three visitors at the camp once said, "Sam, are you going to have a 'son-of-a-gun' for supper?"

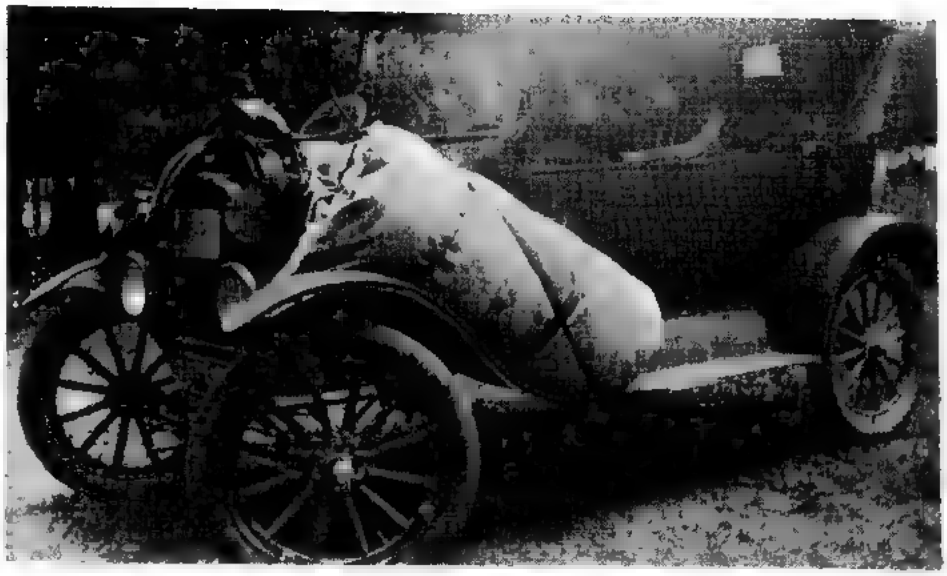
"Well," he replied, "looks like I'll have about three of them."

On October 19, 1896 Butler was wagon cook at the Diamond A round-up about thirty-five miles west of Dexter, at a place since that day called Parker Bluff. Butler and his helper were alone when two men rode into camp at 10 a.m. They were George Musgraves and Bob Hayes. When George Parker arrived for the noon meal, Musgraves surprised him and shot him four times, killing him. Hayes kept the other men covered with his gun and threatened to kill anyone making a move to interfere.

Musgraves had been guilty of more crimes than Billy the Kid was ever accused of. These included cattle rustling, bank, train, stage and post office robbery. He was a member of the High Five Band. Their story has been well written by Jeff Burton of London, England. Musgraves was captured thirteen years later and tried at Roswell in 1910. Butler was one of two eye-witnesses to the actual crime. Musgraves was acquitted. W. M. Heitman of Dexter, a juror, said of the verdict after thirteen years, that the real evidence was not enough for conviction.

Because of the development of farms and homes near the Pecos River in the Dexter-Hagerman area, the big cattle companies moved their cattle farther west. A round-up was held at Seven Miles Lake north of Dexter. Rue Chrisman, well known fire chief of Roswell, was a young boy at the time. He lived on a homestead near Orchard Park. He rode

horseback to the round-up searching for stray cows. Butler was the cook. A beef had been freshly butchered for the camp. Sam said, "I'll give you some meat to take home," and he cut a handhold in the meat and hooked it on the saddle horn. When Chrisman got home, his mother demanded an explanation. He kept telling her, "They gave it to me. . . ." Chrisman worked with Butler for many years.



Photos This Page Courtesy Alice Ware Ebbetts, New York City.

When rheumatism began bothering Sam, his boss provided him with a Model T Ford. Sam didn't give up his saddle entirely, for it can be seen riding across the hood of the car.

THE Diamond A Cattle Company was established in the 1870s and owned by the Bloom Cattle Company. The Circle Diamond and Diamond A later united. On one occasion they sent the entire crew to gather 200 wild horses on the Mescalero-Apache Indian Reservation. They paid $5 per head to the Indians but had to capture the animals themselves. They got about eighty. Butler was one of the rope experts. Many wild horses still exist in the same region. It is difficult for people living today to realize the importance and necessity of horses to the rancher and homesteaders of yesterday. They were the only means of transportation, otherwise you were on foot on the prairie. Horse stealing was a thriving industry as late as 1908, when our homestead team disappeared overnight.

Sam Butler was a deputy sheriff most of these years. His fearless courage and honesty suited the job. He kept watch on the cattle, horses, and watering places on the stock range.

One occasion, as related by the late George Buss of Cumberland, Butler tracked some stolen horses to a waterhole corral where the horse thieves were camping overnight. One rustler saw him as he approached the high wooden gate and yelled, "It's Sam!" They clambered over the wooden fence and escaped without the stolen stock.

Few fences were up between the Pecos River and the Sacramento Mountains at this time, but even stolen horses had to have water.

The C. A. Bar Cattle Company, for which Butler worked at this time, sold in 1901. He went to work for the Diamond A Company. He took out time, however, to file a homestead. Jake Gregg of Roswell said he and Butler, on a round-up, considered filing land on the present site of Artesia. Butler preferred the upper valley. He received his patent from the government in May 1906. Later, in 1909, he deeded the land to his sister and her husband, C. L. Hancock. They were active in community life. Sam helped with the social events of the young people. He was a charter member of the Dexter Methodist Church.

In order to prevent cattle from straying into the valley farms, a so-called "drift fence" was built six miles west of Dexter. To be a line rider was one of Butler's duties. His base camp was at the Diamond A Twin Mills about nine miles west of Dexter. Sam was never too busy to start a homesteader's stray horses to home range to keep the man from being afoot on the prairie.

We will never forget our first sight of him as he rode along our homestead pasture. Unlike most cowmen, he rode very erect and upright in the saddle, cavalry style. He walked rapidly in short military steps. One person who left New Mexico as a young boy returned many years later and told us, "I have only met one man I knew before leaving Dexter—Sam Butler."

Butler asked him, "How did you know me?"

He answered: "One time in Roswell with my father, I saw you walk up the street."

In 1916 Sam Butler was elected to the schoolboard in District 46. He served carefully and diligently in this position. His prompt, decisive actions brought peace to the district and put an end to the dissension existing at the time. On one occasion Sam took off his long gauntlet gloves and slapped a cantankerous board member in the face. This action, while a trifle drastic, was very effective.

The first day of school in this district, a very small, old and gentle-appearing lady pulled the young teacher's ear down to her lips and whispered, "If that old woman [name withheld!] bothers you, I'll choke her to death." With allies like these, the task of teaching was made more pleasant.

Setting up camp for the Diamond A.

IN early November of 1916 Butler was engaged in a six-gun shoot-out. The shooting lasted a few seconds—no more than ten seconds were needed to empty their six-guns. Few facts were ever known about this affair. No one would talk.

Butler was shot in the left shoulder. The bullet turned outward and was not fatal. If it had been turned down, it would have severed an artery. Butler's companion, Jack Bailey, evidently unarmed, was standing close to Butler and received a bullet in one upper arm. Their opponent, Dave Reavis, was shot in the lower body. He was taken to a Roswell hospital and finally recovered.

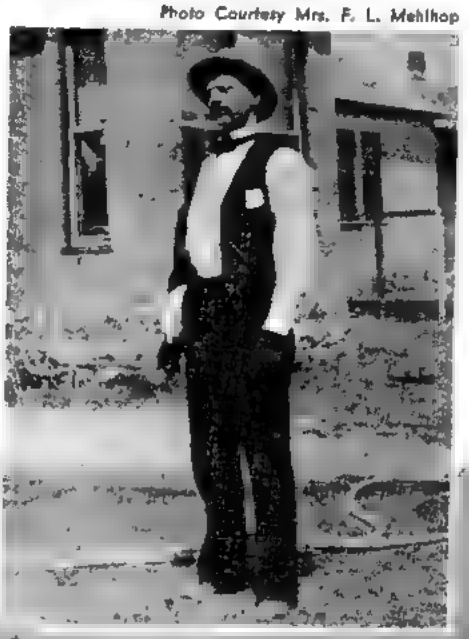
Butler and Bailey rode horseback about six miles to the Andy Young home and ranch. Dr. Stallard of Greenfield came out and cared for them. It was characteristic of Butler that he said

Photo above and below Courtesy Louis Prager, Roswell, N. Mexico.

At left. Diamond A cattle in for their daily drink.

Sam Butler was dressed in his "Sunday clothes" when this photo was taken.

Photo Courtesy Mrs. F. L. Mehlhop



Below, cowpunchers on the Diamond A Ranch in 1903.

Photo at right Courtesy the Earl Bradley Family.

nothing about his wound until the bullet had been removed from Bailey's arm. He then said, "Doc, maybe you better look at me. I may have a little trouble."

In a little while I heard Andy Young say, "Sam, it looks like that fellow kind of got a start on you."

"Yes," said Butler, "I didn't think the fool would shoot. It was not a shooting matter."

Some time later Butler came by the schoolhouse to sign a teacher's warrant. It was difficult and he said in his short, clipped speech, "Excuse me. I have a slight disability."

Reavis entered the military service and made an excellent record in World War I, including a citation for bravery in action. And Butler often told me, "If the country needs me, I am ready to go."

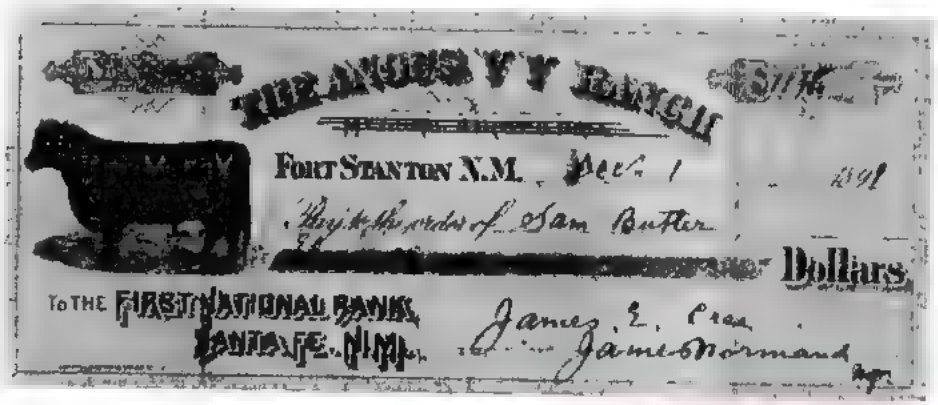
The previous gunfight was the result of two fearless men being ready to risk their lives to support their belief of "right." Over two hundred years ago, John Milton wrote, "To do right, because 'right is right' were wisdom, in scorn of consequence." But what is 'right'? Is it conscience or custom? Is it civil law? A law officer has no choice except to enforce laws passed by the legislature, just or unjust.

LAW AND ORDER were secured in the West by individuals acting as vigilantes, and fearless straight-shooting law officers. The power to maintain law and order was delegated to the courts and officials. If, through inefficiency, corruption or neglect, they failed to do this, the power reverted to the individual to do the job himself. One basic right, never delegated to anyone, was the right to defend one's own property and life.

One man said, "My life is worth more to me than the other man's; I will defend it." This was the viewpoint of early-day Westerners.

New Mexico legislatures under statehood were largely dominated by stockmen. They made sure their industry was protected and favored. The cattle companies, however, spent much money in development. At one time they main-

Below, a check paid to Sam Butler by the Angus VV Ranch in 1891. This was the first outfit that young Butler worked for as a cowhand. At right, Sam and his riding horse at Crow Flat.



tained a line of windmills and waterholes from the Twin Mills west of Dexter to the Y. O. Crossing on the Penasco. We never knew them to refuse water to any travelers. Two friends of Butler's, Jake Gregg and Andy Young, were only two of many who worked to keep the windmills going.

Sam Butler kept watch over the district. One of the laws passed by the legislature made it unlawful to deny access for stock to their watering place by fence or otherwise. Barbed wire and waterholes caused much trouble. About 1935 Butler was placed in charge of the ranch camp at Rock Camp Tank. He remained there for the next ten years. Captain B. C. Mossman was manager of the ranch during this period, controlling its actions and policies.

Sam encouraged youngsters to visit him and enjoy camp life. They seemed to admire him. Two men, Bill and Earl Bradley, brothers of Mrs. F. L. Mehlhop, who knew Butler in 1908 before going to Kansas, spent vacations with him. Early one morning in the 1930s when Earl returned to visit, Sam called out, "Earl, come and look at Old Capitan Mountain! It is one thing Roosevelt hasn't changed yet!" He later said Roosevelt should be a dictator on a South Sea Island. He was quick to see the danger to individual freedom and the cattle range as he had known it.

Earl Bradley and Butler rode together in one of the first cotton carnival parades. Sam always rode the best of horses, which he broke himself and no one else ever rode.

His stock brand was called Rafter S. He had a flair for hand-carved saddles, gun scabbards and boots. One pair of boots had quite a history. Sam gave Bradley a pair of boots made by the famous Amonett saddle and boot shop of early Roswell. Earl wore them until he outgrew them. They were size six. A short time prior to his death Bradley gave the boots to the Chaves County Historical Museum. They were still in excellent condition and can be seen there.

Like most cattlemen, Butler hated sheep. One sheep man who asked for a conference on range rights was told, "You can come, but don't bring your damned sheep with you."

Sam never forgot a good deed or a bad one. One man who had serious trouble with him said, "I hold no grudge, let us be friends."

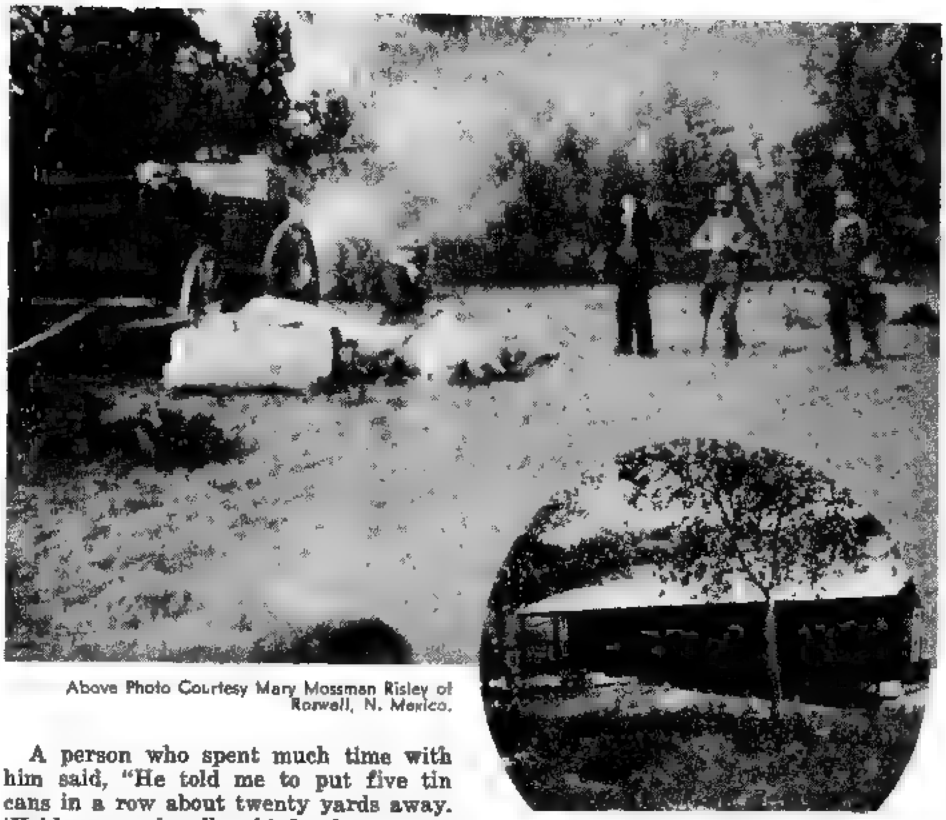
Sam replied, "Well, you know this is the first time in my life I ever wanted to kill a friend."

He loved wild animals and never killed game for sport or pleasure. A deer hunter killed a deer near his camp on one occasion and told Butler, "I hit him eight times."

"Well," said Sam, "that ought to be enough to kill one little deer."

"It was," replied the hunter, "and there is another one here. I'll be back for him next year."

SAM BUTLER at this age was a dead shot with either .30-30 or six-gun. His favorite pistol was a .38 Bisley single action. He could behead a rabbit at will.



Above Photo Courtesy Mary Mossman Risley of Roswell, N. Mexico.

Courtesy the J. F. Hinkle Family.

Top of page—Sam and fellow cowboys set up camp during a cattle drive for the Diamond A Company. Above, the CA Bar ranch house on the Rio Penasco in 1886. Below left, Sam P. Butler (right) and friend, J. W. "Bill" Bradley, in 1948.

A person who spent much time with him said, "He told me to put five tin cans in a row about twenty yards away. 'Hold your handkerchief above your shoulder, then drop it.' Every can was shattered before the handkerchief hit the ground."

This skill may have saved Butler's life later when an irate man got the drop on him with a .30-30 rifle and attempted to kill him. This was in the days when even a law officer was legally permitted to defend his own life.

When Sam dressed, he put his pants on first, then his six-gun. He was never seen without a red or blue bandana around his neck.

At one time he was the victim of an unexplained accident. He was found unconscious on the ground near a fence gate. His horse, Coley, was standing beside him. After some time in a hospital, he recovered somewhat but had no recollection of events. His health continued to decline, though his appearance did not change. He was one of those rare people who seem ageless. He never gained weight. His auburn hair did not show gray. He was still active on his feet.

Courtesy Mrs. F. L. Mehlhop

Failing health, combined with trouble caused by aggressive and tough new settlers and the loss of much cattle-company beef, made him decide to retire in 1945. The last time I talked with him he said, "My only home now is where I put my bed down at night."

This had to be a lonely life. Yet there was recompense. Any thinking person, making down his bed in solitude, and gazing at the New Mexico sky and stars, receives an inner strength. He gains an insight into the greatest "mystery story of the universe"—the creation of life, space, and eternity.

Sam Butler's recollections of his lifetime work and efforts for the Diamond A Cattle Company would have been priceless for the story that will someday be written about that extensive cattle empire in New Mexico and Arizona. Butler's lifetime work and association with cattlemen like Poe, Hinkle, Jim Sutherland and many others gave him a deep inside knowledge of the Western cattle business.

We can only view with compassion the next years of Butler's life. Without his horse, Coley, his gun and the open range, he was not Sam Butler. He moved to

(Continued on page 53)

A HIGHWAYMAN'S GOLD BARS

Can you imagine shooting a man before he reveals his cache? Well, it happened!

By LESTER A. HALPIN

Photos Courtesy Author

*

SOMEWHERE in the high country of southeastern British Columbia a few miles north of the U.S.-Canadian border may lie two bars of gold hidden there by a bandit who held up a gold wagon and was gunned down by two self-appointed vigilantes when he returned to claim his loot.

Despite the popular belief that there was little gunplay in the early Canadian West, the holdup of the Camp McKinney gold wagon differed little from hundreds of similar crimes being committed in those years in their sister nation to the south.

Neither was Camp McKinney, which once supported six hotels, a church and three general stores, much different from the gold camps in the States. Today it is marked only by a cemetery and the abandoned workings of one of the first gold lode mining operations in the province. Many of its residents were Americans. Two stage lines—the Hall Line and Meyerhoff's Stages—provided services east and west, carrying men honestly seeking work, men seeking wealth without work, and inevitably women whose morals were not above question.

During more than a decade, gold taken from nearby creeks paid handsome dividends to shareholders of a company organized to exploit the Camp McKinney diggings. After being poured into bullion bars at the camp, the gold was hauled to Midway, a little settlement clinging to the Canadian side of the border, located today on a modern paved highway.

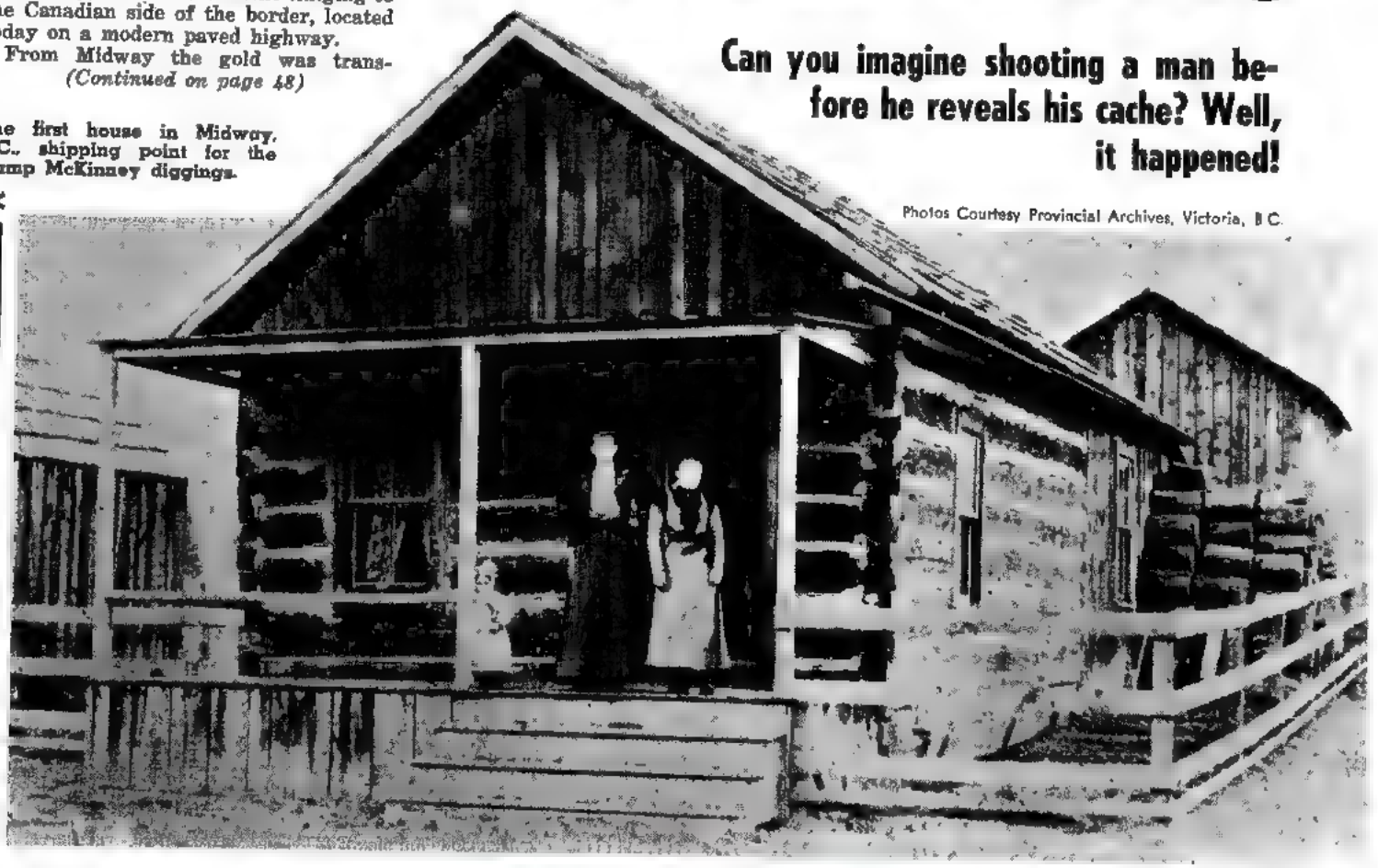
From Midway the gold was trans-

(Continued on page 48)

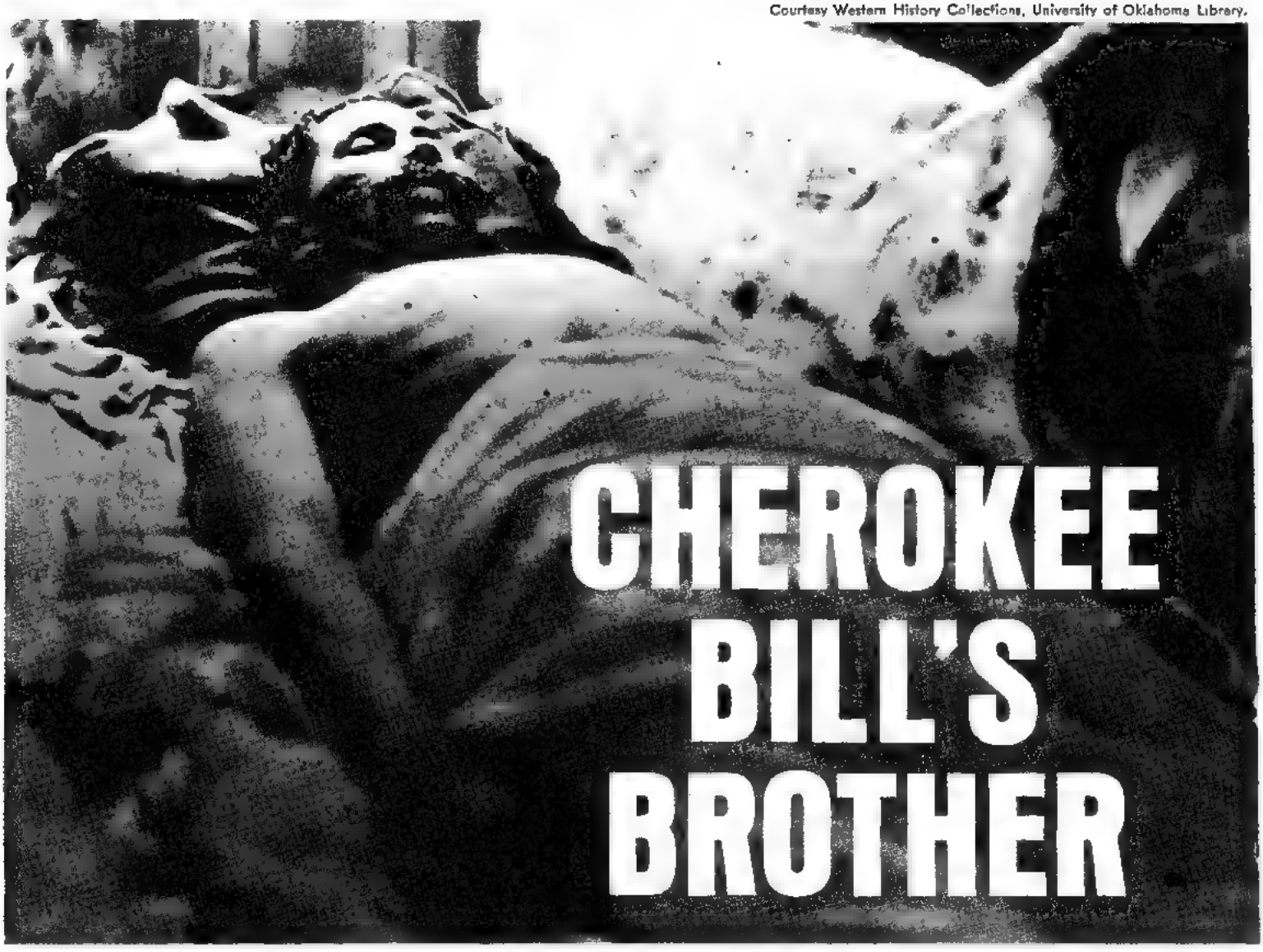
Cariboo Mill at Camp McKinney, B.C., where the gold was cast into ingots.

The first house in Midway, B.C., shipping point for the Camp McKinney diggings.

Photos Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library.



CHEROKEE BILL'S BROTHER

Ike Rogers didn't take him seriously—and that was Ike's big mistake

Above, Ike Rogers as a corpse. Rogers was responsible for the capture and subsequent hanging of Cherokee Bill (Crawford Goldsby). Cherokee Bill's brother Clarence swore vengeance for his brother's death, and made his promise good. Below, Cherokee Bill's grave near Fort Gibson. Clarence Goldsby's name is at lower right, almost covered by grass, and barely legible.

By JIM ETTER

Photos Courtesy Author

PROBABLY no desperado of the Indian country was more relentlessly hunted than Cherokee Bill, but his quiet kid brother boldly assassinated the man who delivered Bill to the noose and rode away and lived to die with his boots off.

It was a Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, April 20, 1897. A crowd of people was on the depot platform when the Kansas and Arkansas Valley Railway train pulled into the small military post town in the Cherokee Nation of Indian Territory. Clarence Goldsby, nineteen years old, was standing in front. It was a year, a month and three days since his brother Crawford (Cherokee Bill) had hanged, and Clarence had promised Bill's captor he would kill him if he came to Fort Gibson, home of the Goldsbys. Now he had word that Isaac "Ike" Rogers was about to arrive.

Rogers, carrying the favorite 38-56 Winchester of Cherokee Bill which he had taken from the outlaw when he captured him more than two years before, stepped from the coach. He faced the crowd on the platform and, beyond and to the west of the tracks, the well-traveled street and the popular Trent Hotel, apparently not noticing—or even seriously thinking of—young Goldsby.

But Goldsby, about fifteen feet away, raised a long six-gun and fired. Rogers groaned and fell bleeding, to die within seconds. Women screamed and crowded backwards; men gasped in frantic shock. The usual gaiety of train arrival time had turned into pandemonium.

Courtesy Volney Howell, Fort Gibson.

Downtown Fort Gibson about 1900.

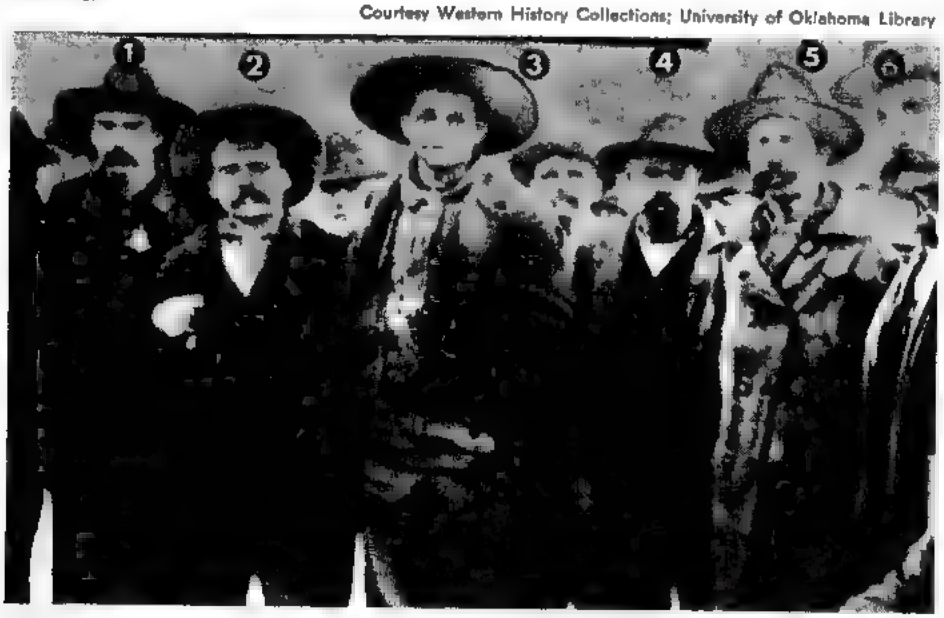
Goldsby, slowing only enough to grab up his dead brother's rifle, ducked under the train and ran. He sped past the livery stable and through the main part of town, hurried on by pursuers' gun blasts. As quickly as he could he made his way into a patch of woods where he leaped on a horse and, Winchester in hand, rode hard eastward across the prairie—passing within sight of his brother's grave—to freedom.

Clarence Goldsby was never officially "located" until his natural death several years later in Missouri. The relative ease of his escape could have been because of changes in court jurisdiction which eased the pressure on those wanted by the law. "Hanging Judge" Parker's United States Court for the Indian country had lost its authority in the Indian Territory to new (and apparently less effective) federal courts in September 1896, and a further court change came about in 1907 when the area became the State of Oklahoma. But strongly overtoned in history, and in the reports of persons who knew both men, is the suggestion that Goldsby, peaceable until the shooting at the train station, was far more popular than Rogers—who, at no credit to his image, had captured Crawford Goldsby by betrayal, a style hardly respected by many frontier people.

Further, not long before the Fort Gibson incident, Rogers had approached Clarence Goldsby, then unarmed, at a nearby town and, questioning him about his threat to avenge his brother's capture, held a gun to his head and generally roughed the youth up. Local reports say that Rogers, on the eve of the shooting, telegraphed Goldsby that he would be in Fort Gibson the next day, apparently confident that Clarence was not someone to fear.

Lawmen taking Cherokee Bill (Goldsby) to Fort Smith. (1) Zeke Crittenden; (2) Dick Crittenden; (3) Cherokee Bill; (4) Clint Scales; (5) Ike Rogers; (6) Deputy U.S. Marshal Bill Smith.

Courtesy Western History Collections; University of Oklahoma Library



ROGERS, like the Goldsby brothers, part Indian and part Negro, had been a friend of Cherokee Bill who, according to published reports, had even provided the Rogers family with "the necessities of life during lean years." At the peak of Cherokee Bill's rampage, U. S. marshals asked Rogers, who himself had served as a deputy, to help trap the dangerous and wily outlaw. Rogers did so by inviting both his cousin—a girl for whom Bill had an eye—and the young renegade to his home near Nowata and, seizing the right instant, clubbing him with either a stick of firewood or an iron poker, from behind. Rogers delivered Bill, battered and handcuffed, to authorities on January 30, 1895.

The capture was hailed by peaceful citizens of the Indian Nations, though many disliked its circumstances and manner. Rogers reportedly received around $1,200 in reward money, and the Cherokee Bill affair, some said, "went to his head."

The Nash Building in downtown Fort Gibson, very near the route Clarence Goldsby followed in his escape from the murder scene.

Courtesy Mr. & Mrs. Robert Swindler, Fort Gibson.

Clarence and Crawford Goldsby also had Sioux and Mexican blood. Their father was a U. S. Army 10th Cavalry "buffalo soldier" and their mother was a laundress at the Fort Gibson military post. Crawford had taken the wrong trail as a youth and became one of the most murderous characters of the Indian country, riding with the notorious Cook gang and later on the scout alone, until sentenced at Fort Smith, Arkansas by Judge Parker and hanged on March 17, 1896 at the age of twenty.

Though their mother was finally deserted by her soldier-husband and their living was not an easy one, the rest of the Goldsby children had been respected and law-abiding citizens of the Cherokee Nation.

Clarence, unmarried, was described as a quiet and mannerly lad, tall and slender, light copper in complexion, and "a hard worker who minded his own business." Until he shot Rogers, he probably had never used a hand-gun.

The local attitude toward the Goldsby and Rogers case was evident in a

newspaper report of the shooting two days later, in the April 22 edition of the Muskogee *Phoenix*. In reviewing the background of the killing, the story noted Rogers' capture of Cherokee Bill as "accomplished by betrayal of Bill's confidence" which "has rankled in the breasts of Cherokee Bill's kinsmen and friends. . . ." The news story also said that "Rogers gained his reputation by the capture of Cherokee Bill, and it probably also added to his recklessness." Rogers' estranged wife, who ran a lunch stand in Fort Gibson, had warned him by telegram to stay away and, according to the paper, "It is thought she warned him not to come partly for his own good and also to avoid his presence. . . ."

Referring to Clarence Goldsby, the *Phoenix* described him as "well known and well liked in Fort Gibson" and "very steady and quiet and . . . often employed by firms in draying business and the like. . . . Even now," the news story continued, "with the blood of this man on his hands, kind words are spoken and sympathy for him freely expressed."

The Nash home, where Clarence Goldsby ran for help. Photo believed taken in the late 1890s.

YOUNG GOLDSBY'S escape out of town was more than his own speed and quick thinking and luck, according to the account of a Fort Gibson resident who, as a boy about thirteen, heard the shots from his home a few blocks from the depot.

It was a big day in town. A distribution of government money in payment to the Indians for the Cherokee Outlet land was scheduled and the crowd at the train station was even larger than usual. So remembers Robert Langston, today an eighty-nine-year-old retired businessman and town official of Fort Gibson.

"I only knew of one shot being fired by Goldsby," he relates from his personal memory and from reports of older residents who witnessed the incident. (The newspaper account said the youth fired five shots, three of them hitting Rogers.)

"Then there was shooting as he escaped—just wild, excited shooting without anyone taking close aim." (The news story said bullets tore at Goldsby's clothing and gave him a slight flesh wound.)

Goldsby, Langston says, ran through town into the large yard of the home of Florian H. Nash, a noted businessman, and appealed to a friend who worked there, Neely Naves: "Neely, for God's sake, hide me—they're trying to kill me. I just killed Ike Rogers!"

Naves, reacting quickly, told him to go through a fruit orchard and cornfield and hide in the trees by a branch, where Naves would have a saddled horse waiting. Goldsby made it to the woods and spotted a horse, a tall, strong one, its reins slung over a fence post.

"Then he was gone, over the hill of wild prairie flowers," says Langston. "He could keep on the prairie till he got in the hills. There were all kinds of sumac and sassafras thickets and you could stay pretty much to the thickets and nobody would see you."

But the fast horse that carried him had not been provided by Naves—but by local policeman Ran Lee, a well-known white law officer. The *Phoenix* story said Goldsby seized the animal while Lee was dismounted searching the thicket, but Langston says it happened otherwise: "Lee looped the reins over a post.

(Continued on page 44)

Lower-left photo on opposite page shows Robert Langston pointing to the location of the old depot platform where Ike Rogers was murdered. The lower-right photo shows the building that was the Trent Hotel at the time of Ike Rogers' death. Below, a typical territory home at Fort Gibson during the 1890's.

Courtesy Volney Howell, Fort Gibson

Maybe the grown-ups were having a rough time, but to a kid

EVERYTHING WAS MAGIC IN THE OKANOGAN

By J. A. HAAG
Photos Courtesy Author

AS a child I spent five unforgettable years on the Okanogan frontier. My world was a rough triangle from the ghost town of Molson to the Kettle River, and from Canada to Republic and Wauconda. There was also a triangle of mountain peaks: Mt. Bonaparte—the highest peak in eastern Washington, 7280 feet; Bodie Mountain, 5738 feet; and Buckhorn, 5584 feet. Our homestead was almost in the shadow of Buckhorn; it was about five miles from Canada and three miles from the Ferry County, Washington line.

Within this area were many other towns: Curlew, Chesaw, Bolster, Bodie, Toroda, Old Toroda, and Ferry, among others. A few have survived; some are gone completely; others are now mere sign posts directing the way to the next town.

Should you ever travel these lonely roads you will pass many cabins in the last stages of decay, caved-in mine shafts and tunnels, bunkhouses, and loading chutes. All are ghostly reminders of a day long gone.

On occasion we gave our own names to places. The day we discovered and named "Butter-churn Rock," we were seeking our cattle, as usual. We found them on an open slope high on a hill. Suddenly my sister Rose pointed to a curious rock exclaiming, "Look, John! That rock! It looks just like Mom's butter-churn!" And at that exact angle, it did. From then on it was Butter-churn Rock to all of us.

Later on, I met a range rider and his dog out in the hills. He had taught the dog to respond to a willow whistle. It's so easy to make such a whistle if you live near willow bushes you might like to make your own. Here's how:

Green willow branch 4" long, ¾" dia.

(A) Cut complete circle *thru bark only.*
(B) Cut notch as shown—"B" only.
(C) Grip with left hand.
(D) Grip with right hand and twist. Bark will slip off mouthpiece to A.
(E) Cut away thin slice of wood as shown. Slide bark back on. Whistle is ready.

Don't forget, the willow must be green with lots of moisture under the bark.

That same evening we had the biggest scare of our entire five years in the Okanogan. It was a bright night with a million twinkling stars and a golden harvest moon low in the sky. The coyotes (Kiotis) were howling their usual songfest on every hilltop.

Then came the beginning of panic! Mingled with the mournful howls came the deep growling bark of a dog. A wild dog was on the loose!

Dogs usually turn to the wild when as puppies they are kidnapped by a mother coyote or wolf who has lost her litter—or when a half-grown dog, being lost, joins a pack. Full grown, he will soon assert his leadership over the rest. Feared more than any other animal, the wild dog combines the courage and leadership of his tame ancesters with the cunning and ferocity of the jungle beast, and no ranch is safe while he roams the hills. Livestock, large and small, are his prey, and children hurry indoors at the sound of his voice.

A rider from the nearest ranch spread the alarm. From the Kettle River to the high country every rancher carried his rifle wherever he went. Frank and I hunted him with our bow and arrows.

Bait and traps were set in the hills but he avoided them all. Several coyotes and a bobcat were caught, but no dog. He ate only what he, himself, killed!

Then a week later came the most welcome shot ever heard in the Okanogan. On the east slope of Buckhorn, at 250 yards, my friend Leo caught the dog in his sights and our panic was over. The relieved rancher took up a collection. Leo was the hero of the valley—and $25 richer to boot!

IT was time to harvest the potato crop. Dad, to quote Abraham Lincoln, always "plowed a straight furrow." So our crop which had been planted by plow, was now harvested the same way.

Mary found a misshapen potato that looked like a human baby, so she sewed some clothes for it and little Ann had a cute doll that lasted many months. On mild nights, instead of putting it to bed, Ann put it in the cooler outside the kitchen door.

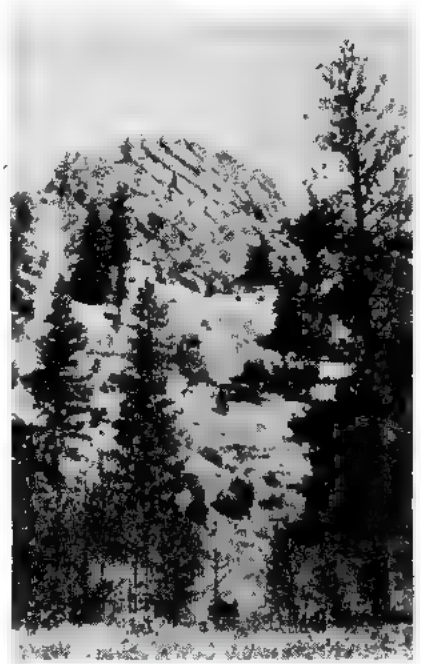
To even things Dad, during the long winter nights ahead, built a tiny rocking chair for Clara—she still has it. He also built a sled for George.

I had made a willow bow for George earlier, but as the willow cured it was too strong for George to pull, so Dad came through again and fashioned it into a cross-bow. George became very much a varmint hunter. I made him a quiver of arrows, using the style of the local Indians, who didn't use arrow heads. They sharpened their arrows, then hardened the tips by twisting and turning them in the flames of an open fire.

They made their spears the same way, and, borrowing a trick from the coyotes, they hunted their game in the groups of three or four men. Very little game ever got away.

Dad had no hunting knife, so he took a large worn-out file to a neighbor's blacksmith shop, heated it, then hammered and ground it into shape. Heating it again until it glowed white, he plunged it into cold creek water. It was the pioneer's way of making steel out of iron. He equipped it with buckhorn handles, and even Jim Bowie would have liked it. It's amazing what people can do when necessity sets in.

THE "Sit-down Tree"—that's what the Indians called it. A big fir tree, two feet in diameter, with an odd-shaped curve that made it look like a chair. Said Dad, "About seventy years ago some Indian, setting a snare, tied down a sapling which he never released. It became that tree, with the wood grain following the curve. It will make a perfect sleigh for us."



Corkscrew Mountain in Toroda Creek Valley.

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Soon we had it cut and trimmed into wo sled runners, each fourteen inches igh, with an added twelve inches at the urve, six inches wide and ten feet long. uilt to fit our wagon box, and with ongue attached, it was soon finished. ecause of its wide runners, it pulled asily and it served Dad and his succesors for over forty years.

We had one sleigh accident. It had een snowing all week, and we finally ad thirty-six inches of snow. Roads ere completely covered and the temprature was at zero. Dad drove us to chool. With no road to follow, we tarted downhill on a slant and were early at the bottom when one runner truck a hidden rock. The sleigh tipped ver.

Dad jumped out and calmed the team; rank grabbed the tail gate; Mary was inned down by the box; I slid thirty eet latching onto a small tree; and Rose slipped to the bottom and landed n Nicholson Creek, breaking the ice. We took her to a neighbor's, where she thawed out by drinking hot tansy-blossom tea. In 1967 we found the remains of the sleigh. The act of an Indian back in about 1840, followed by seventy years of growth, our labor, another forty years of service, and eighteen years of neglect were finally ended. Mother Nature had claimed her own.

ONE DAY Leo, hunting rabbits, stopped at our cabin. He was wearing snowshoes. "I wish I had a pair," I muttered.

"Can't do now," Leo chuckled, "but I will make you and Frank each a pair of skis."

We got lucky. Mother had just finished boiling some clothes and Leo promptly took over the wash boiler. "Bring me four of those boards leaning against the cabin. They're just what we need."

The boards were 1"x4" slats, seven feet long. They were left overs from our hay-rack. Leo stoked up the fire until the water boiled. He dunked one end of the boards for about fifteen minutes.

Then, one at a time, he took them out to the rail fence, inserted the boiled ends between the rails, bent them into proper

(Continued on page 38)

Above, the original cabin as it looked in 1972. Below, standing on bridge over Toroda Creek are the following: Top row (L. to R.)—Ellie Brannon; Harold Brannon; Iva Drennan. Second row—Clara Haag; Rose Haag; Myrtle Drennan; Stella Nicholas; and Ellie Pintler. Third row—Lydie Nicholas (dressed all in white—only legs and feet show); Harold Cox; Lenore Brannon; Ora Brannon; and Eva Brannon. Standing in creek—Frank Haag; Johnny Haag (author); Louie Martin; and Abraham Martin.

Toroda Creek Valley.

THE DUNCANS and

By DOROTHY DUNCAN
as told to
ROBERTA C. CHENEY

"YOU'RE RIGHT, John, you're right. I did draw a hind foot on the front leg of that bear!" Charlie Russell was talking to his old friend, John Duncan, when they met at the Lewis Hotel near Glacier Park to climax an Eaton party camping trip.

John smiled.

"There's not one person in a thousand will notice it, though," continued Charlie, "and we won't tell 'em."

Dorothy Dodge, eighteen years old and beginning a Dude Wrangling career that was to last fifty years and bring her into contact with interesting people from all over the world, stood by and wondered about the conversation between the two men. This was her introduction to Charles M. Russell, and she was later to become Mrs. John Duncan. "Dunc" was camp manager for Howard Eaton's camping trips in Glacier, Yellowstone, and into the Southwest. On this day in 1917, they were completing a sixteen-day horseback trip through Glacier Park. Nancy and Charlie had come from their home near Apgar to visit with Eaton and his guests.

The fall before, Charlie had been a guest of Howard Eaton on a New Mexico trip. He and Dunc had spent some time together, and it was then that Dunc told Charlie about the "foot." The artist couldn't believe he had pulled such a boner, so the two of them went up and down the street, in and out of every saloon in Albuquerque that had Russell pictures on the wall, but they couldn't find a print of "A Disputed Trail." Back in Montana, Russell looked up the picture and found that he had, indeed, put a hind foot instead of a paw on the front leg of that grizzly bear. (A print of the picture can be found on page 160 of Harold McCracken's *The Charles M. Russell Book.)*

NOW it was summer and the Russells had joined the Eaton party at the hotel on Lake McDonald and were

Courtesy Dr. Harold McCracken, Curator.

Above, "The Old Soak" by Charles M. Russell. The caricature wood carving is on display in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Cody, Wyoming. Below, the grandeur of the Glacier Park area.

Below, Dorothy Dodge (Duncan) ready for her first pack trip through Glacier Park with Howard Eaton and his guests. This is how the well-dressed lady dude wrangler appeared in 1918.

CHARLIE RUSSELL

—recapturing the days of dudes and roughnecks and the wry humor of a great artist

spinning yarns with the others around the stone fireplace. Dudes, cowboys, and guides, including Angus Monroe and his skillful Indian guides, joined the regular hotel guests as laughter, stories and singing cemented friendships that were to last a lifetime.

What Charlie really thought of the dudes is graphically portrayed in the picture with his thank-you letter, dated August 11, 1918 and sent to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis who were often his hosts. (Page 141 of *Good Medicine.)* Another letter (p. 108) shows Charlie's long time friendship with Eaton, the man who was instrumental in establishing dude-ranching as big business in the West.

During the next few years Nancy and Charlie Russell were to add a delightful climax to several of the Eaton trips through Glacier. In 1920 (or '21) Joe de-

Top row, center (in white shirt and vest) is Howard Eaton. In front and to the left of him is Charles M. Russell. Directly in front of Russell is John Duncan. The lady at far left is a "dude." Next to her is Mike Shannon, a guide, and next to him are two other guides. The portly man at far right is Mr. Dow, also a dude.

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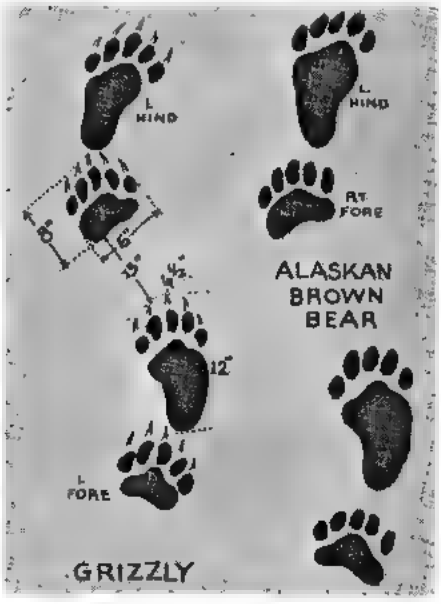


"A Disputed Trail," painted in 1908 by C. M. Russell. At left, a comparison of bear tracks.

Yong and Frank Linderman were also there. Joe-de's stories told in the sensitive and beautiful Indian sign language were given words by Charlie. "I can see and feel the magic of it still," says Dorothy Duncan as she recalls that evening and the way the shadows of Joe-de's hands made pictures on the wall. Linderman added his particular charm as he recited poems and told his Indian "Why Stories."

One winter Dorothy Dodge was working in New York City when she received a letter from the Russells saying that Charlie was to have a showing in a gallery there and inviting her to meet them. Dorothy made plans to go, wondering all the while if Charlie would be wearing his half-breed sash. The New York friend was sure he would not, so they bet a dollar on it!

Mr. and Mrs. Russell greeted Dorothy warmly when she arrived at the gallery and throughout the morning alternated between visiting with her and talking to art patrons. Here was Charlie dressed in a white shirt, tie, and a blue serge double-breasted suit, tightly buttoned up the front. "How was I to find out if under that 'city outfit' my Montana friend wore the sash that had become a familiar part of his dress?" relates Dorothy. Quite unaware at that time of the artistic merit of Russell's work, she recalls being more interested in the sash than in the paintings. In spite of the informality of the visit, she didn't dare ask and finally decided she would have to leave—never knowing.

In her haste to catch the bus, she forgot her packages. Charlie ran after her, up the street in New York City, calling, "Dorothy, Dorothy, you left your packages!"

"I turned to look back when I heard his voice," says Mrs. Duncan, "and there trailing out behind Charlie was the long red sash that must have been tucked in his pocket."

That summer, before the Eaton trip through Glacier Park, Mrs. Russell invited Dorothy to stop off at their cabin for a visit. She took the stage from Belton to Apgar at the foot of Lake McDonald and continued on by boat to Bullhead Lodge, the Russell cabin.

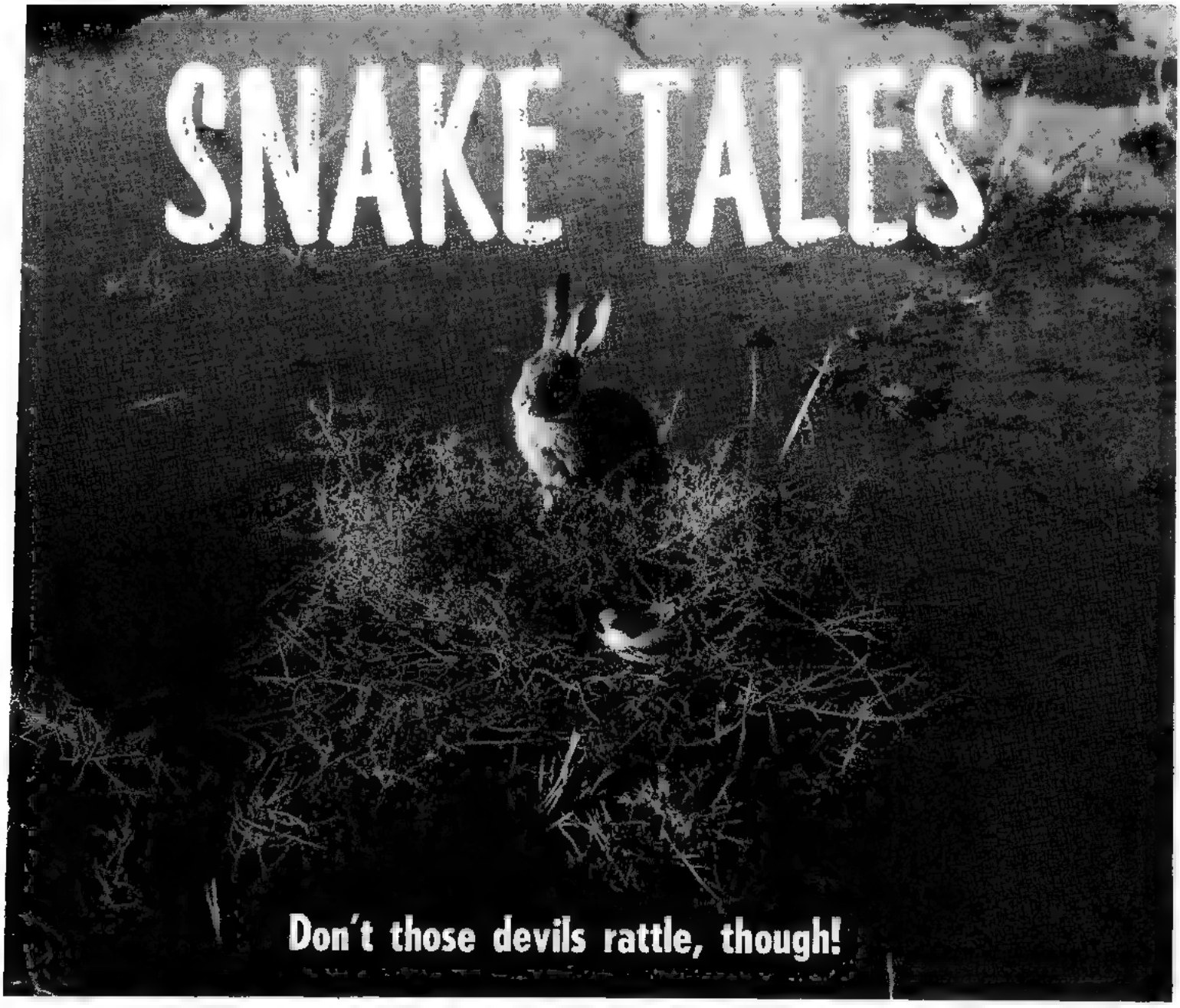
"I CLIMBED the steps leading from the waterfront to the porch and encountered a funny looking character made of bark, wood, and tree moss, perched on a post." Another version of this "Old Soak," as he was lovingly dubbed by his creator, Russell, now holds a place of honor in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody, Wyoming.

The cabin was a long room with a fireplace in one end, and across the other end was a two-room balcony—one room for the Russells and one for young Jack and his nurse. "I remember the room as sparsely furnished," says Mrs. Duncan, "with rustic chairs around the fireplace. There were couches along the walls, ingeniously used for sitting in the daytime and as guest sleeping quarters at night." She recalls that when bedtime came, a screen was put around each bed and protocol dictated that each guest was to blow out the kerosene lamp before getting undressed. Anyone wanting to read in bed could then relight the lamp that stood on a keg at the head of the bed.

The new day began with a wash-up in basins on the back porch and lining up to scrub teeth with water from a tin cup. "We had breakfast in the kitchen-dining cabin which also adjoined the porch, and as soon as that was finished we scattered for hikes and picnics so our artist host could paint undisturbed." Mrs. Duncan remembers Nancy Russell as the ever-present, thoughtful hostess.

(Continued on page 58)

SNAKE TALES



Don't those devils rattle, though!

Strange pals. A rattlesnake and jackrabbit take refuge on a small island of matted sagebrush in the McNary Dam Reservoir on the Columbia River.

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photos Courtesy Author

FIRST OFF, let me call my brand. I'm no book expert on snakes. All I know about them is what I've picked up kicking 'round and growing up in snake country—the Montana-north Idaho primitive area. A rattlesnake, timber, prairie or diamondback, is as ornery a varmint as belly-crawls, but he is still pretty much of a gentleman compared to some of our other open-range pests like spotted fever ticks, poison weeds, and badwater bugs. Let a rattler mind his own business and he'll let you mind yours. Start moving in on his home ground and even a *spur jingle can* make him as panicky and mean as a setting hen with a hatched brood of mallards.

Look before you leap. That's the first lesson you learn on how to stay healthy in snake country. An old Indian taught me that, when I was still reaching up to hitchrack my pony. It goes against everything that comes natural, but it's sure. When you hear, but don't see, a buzzing rattle, that's the time to freeze. As long as you freeze and stay motionless, you're not going to get hurt. Start jumping and you may jump the wrong way.

A bunch of us spotted a big yellow timber rattler sunning against a steep roadbank cut one morning. The night *before there had* been a bunkhouse powwow on whether or not a rattler would crawl over a rough-braided catch rope. Out on the range some of the hands were always fencing their bed-down spot with their throw rope, figuring it would keep a rattler from crawling into their blankets with them and taking up squatter's rights.

The argument had been pretty hot, and a hand from down Texas way offered to bet his month's stake that a throw rope around a bedroll would no more keep out a rattler than a drift fence would keep out a stray range bull. It didn't take Tex long to prove his point that day. Mr. Timber Rattler squirmed out of every rope loop the boys tossed around him.

A rattler crawls with his rattles sort of poised clear of the ground, like a

(Continued on page 44)

Search and Seizure

By WALTER W. GANN

Photos Courtesy Author

Prohibition agents and local lawmen often had a hard time tolerating each other; and nothing brought out that feeling more than the process of

IT was near midnight when a knock on my door aroused me from sleep. B. W. (Wint) Brooke, the county attorney, identified himself and I invited him inside as I fumbled for a match to light a lamp. As of that year, 1924, electric lights were not a convenience available to residents of Russell Springs, Logan County, Kansas.

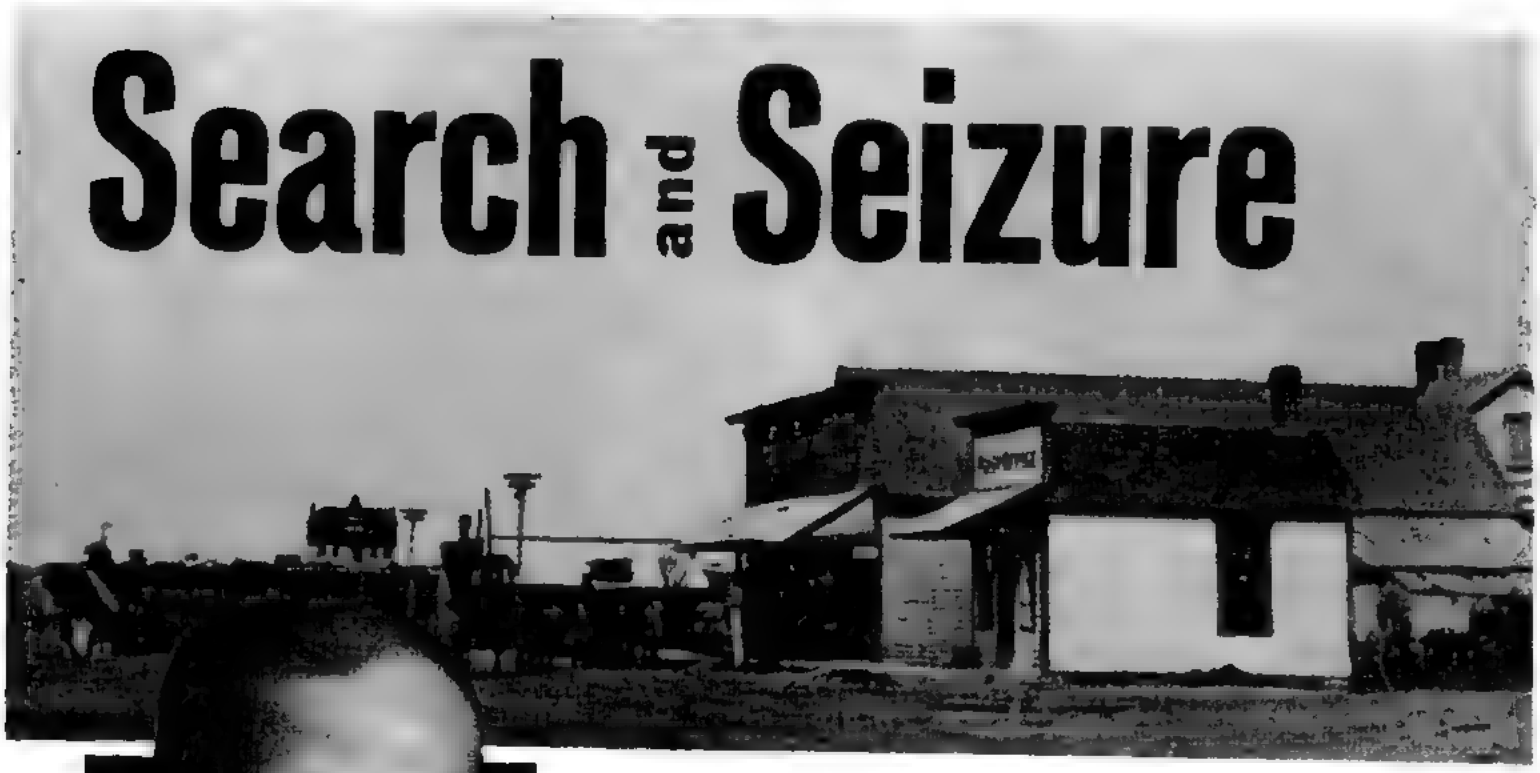
It had been less than two years since Wint was admitted to the bar to practice law. Acquiring his official status by appointment upon resignation of the incumbent officer, he had observed court proceedings closely and had appeared as co-counsel in a few trials. Wint was in a hurry to try a case in court on his own, independent of any other lawyer. It was my guess that his opportunity had come.

Something surely had happened to bring him out at that time of night. Could it be a burglary, an armed robbery, or perhaps a murder? Those questions brought others to my mind. Why hadn't I been notified? My telephone was in working order. By all the rules of the game the sheriff would be the first one to know. Why did the county attorney have to come in the middle of the night to tell me in person? His first words dispelled any idea that a major crime had been committed, but his approach left me somewhat puzzled.

"We've got a bunch of bootleggers lined up, and I have the search warrants for you to serve," he said. Even in the lamplight I could see his eyes glowing with anticipation. I missed the significance of the *we*, the first time. I was to get slapped in the face with it later on.

National Prohibition was in its fourth year. After a faulty start, a bureau set up in the department of justice to enforce the law had become organized and was functioning. Its stooges spread out over the land like grasshoppers in a corn field. There had been a bone-dry law in Kansas for a number of years and passage of the national act created additional interest in the measure. Outside of a few middle-of-the-roaders who didn't care one way or the other, our county was divided into two militant groups. One faction, which consisted of some good people and also some fanatics, was strong in its demands for strict and total enforcement. The other, which took in some good people and also some riff-raff, was just as determined to subvert the law. Local peace officers were caught in a squeeze between.

Wint's implication that liquor law violators were running rampant was an exaggeration. That was merely an echo of the reformer extremists. I knew better. Our county had less violations of that kind than the average. I could name a few men who I believed kept—and perhaps cooked off—a little moonshine now and then for their own personal use. On the other hand, there was little or no traffic in the stuff or noticeable drinking at public gatherings. I had observed failures of preceding enforcement administrations to obtain court convictions of suspects by jury trial without positive and unimpeachable proof of



Russell Springs, Kansas. Around the corner on the street to the right was a general store, a restaurant, a lawyer's office, a bank, a hotel, and the community church. Today, the post office is the only remaining business. The courthouse, now a museum, can be seen in the distance.

Walter W. Gann was sheriff of Russell Springs, Kansas back in 1924. This photo taken in the 1950s.

Photos Courtesy Burt Ferrin, Wallace, Kansas.

The Russell Springs Courthouse.

gross violations and sale of the product.

As for myself, I was willing to let sleeping dogs lie undisturbed. Not so with my friend, the new county attorney, and the group who seemed to have more or less influence over him.

"Who are all these bootleggers you talk about?" I asked.

"Dutch Beuhler—" he started out and I interrupted him.

"If that's the best you've got, I'm going back to bed. Why Dutch—and why tonight?"

"Because he's making whiskey!"

"That may be," I agreed, "but if such is the case, he's harmless. I'm sure he doesn't traffic in the stuff. As for myself—I had rather hunt bigger game. If he is thumping the keg and you really want him, we can get him anytime." And I asked him again, "Why tonight?"

Wint didn't answer my question, but he asked one of his own. "Are you under obligations to Dutch in any way?"

I didn't like that question and I didn't like the way it was asked. "Not by a damn sight," I retorted. "I don't owe him anything. I don't even owe him a thank-you for his vote when I was elected to office—because I didn't get it. He's too much of a Republican to ever vote for me." Wint's face got a little red at that. He was a Republican, too.

A sale at the Disney Ranch brought out quite a crowd. We do not know the circumstances surrounding this particular event in Russell Springs. Perhaps an estate sale?

CHARLES BEUHLER was a farmer living a few miles outside our little county seat town. He was no better or worse than the average. Like others of his kind, he was having a hard time making ends meet. With wheat selling at less than forty cents per bushel and corn at less than twenty—with the price of livestock and poultry and dairy products down in proportion—there wasn't any prosperity among the farmers. While I was wondering if Dutch might have fallen into temptation, Wint answered that question for me.

"I know that Dutch *does* sell liquor. We bought a gallon from him today." Like the backlash of a whip, I remembered that I had heard that pronoun "we" once before.

"S-o-o," I asked. "Who are we?"

"Two federal Prohibition agents," he replied and he emphasized the statement by handing over a small pack of search warrants.

When Wint made a statement or asked a question he had a subtle way of conveying a certain meaning without using the words. When he asked if I was under obligation to Dutch Beuhler, there was a hint of suspicion in the tone. When he told me he knew that Dutch was selling whiskey, there was element of defiance. When he told me about the Prohibition agents, he leaned heavily on the dramatics—like he was uncovering a shining revelation.

If he expected to give me a shock with that startling announcement, he hit the target in the center with a bull's-eye. That interesting piece of information knocked me back onto my hip pockets and angered me quite a bit. But pieces of the puzzle fell suddenly into place. Everything came very clear. Somebody had decided that where the Prohibition law was concerned, I was not to be trusted. The evidence was right there before me. Those Prohibition agents had been brought into the county and had made their investigation without my knowledge. Although there was a justice of peace easily accessible at the county seat, the search warrants were issued in apparent secrecy by a justice in another town thirty miles away. I would have bet they were no more than an hour old when placed in my hands.

Wint's pointed question as to whether I was obligated to Dutch Beuhler became more significant. It all added up to only one answer. Somebody believed that if I had prior knowledge of impending action against liquor law violators, I would mount my horse like Paul Revere and carry the news. It was plain as day that Wint's hand had dealt the cards.

THE THOUGHT of working with Prohibition agents didn't make me any happier. I won't say all were so, but some of the first in the field were no more than ruthless politician's-appointee hacks. No form of entrapment was too low for them to use, and perjury to secure a conviction in court was common practice. They usually worked in pairs so one could support the testimony of the other. I also knew of a case in our neighbor state of Nebraska where two

of them had killed an innocent man who mistook them to be holdups and refused to obey their command to halt.

I had never had personal experience with any of them, but other sheriffs had told me they regarded them as a greater evil than the bootleggers.

The search warrants were directed to me by both name and title. They commanded me to go forthwith and serve and execute the same. Regardless of my feelings about how the scheme had been rigged, it was my legal duty to obey the mandate of the court. If I had known then what I learned later, I would have balked at the assignment. Buried in the lengthy and rambling verbiage of the search and seizure law, was a clause contained in a single sentence that I didn't know about. Evidently Wint didn't know about it either.

Wint introduced me to the Prohibition agents who were waiting outside my house. I don't remember their names, but it doesn't matter. If they're still alive, they're probably in the penitentiary by now. They turned over to me to hold as evidence, a gallon jug partly full of moonshine liquor—allegedly bought from Dutch Beuhler that day.

We proceeded to the courthouse where I placed the evidence in the strong closet inside my office. Then I told the Prohibition officers, "You boys will have to check your rods in with me."

If I had threatened to put a bomb under the courthouse and blow us all into smithereens, it wouldn't have caused any more consternation, indignation and incredulity. There was a smirk of contemptuous pity on the faces of those agents for a cornfield sheriff who didn't seem to realize that he was talking to a bona fide officer of the United States Government.

Wint was the first to recover from the shock and voice an objection. "You don't have the authority to disarm a federal officer," he said, with a bit of scorn.

"Yeah," I said. "I know I don't have the authority as such. I do have something to say about who goes with me to serve these papers. If these fellows want to go, they'll come along without packing guns." Then I added, "If there is any shooting to be done, I'll do it."

That put the three of them into a huddle and after a mumbled consultation —which I didn't hear—the officers reluctantly handed over their weapons. With that out of the way, I bravely led the two-car expedition against the alleged "bunch" of bootleggers.

The bunch that Wint had so freely mentioned consisted of only three suspects. Dutch Beuhler headed the list because he was the only one with evidence of a sale of the illicit product against him.

I didn't ask either of the Prohibition agents to ride with me. They had come with Wint—they could stay with him. I doubt if either of them craved my company anyhow.

DUTCH wasn't only dumbfounded, he was plain scared when I called him out of his house and read that search warrant to him. He went back inside to dress, at which time he and his wife held a brief, but wordy, conversation in German. Then, to my amusement (and, in view of what had taken place, some might think to my embarrassment—but it wasn't) he called to me softly from a bedroom window. "Valter," he said cautiously. "Valter. Are you alone?"

Poor old Dutch. He was caught with enough to keep him in jail a long time, to say nothing of the fines that might be levied against him. His little homemade contraption of a liquor still was warm from recent operation. He had about a quart of the finished product and a freshly set keg of mash for future distillation. It looked like he was spreading out into a wider field of production.

I loaded the still, the quart of moonshine, and a sample of the mash into my car to hold as evidence. I placed Dutch under arrest with the intention of telling him to report to me sometime during the day—but changed my mind. I was beginning to smell something that wasn't good and I wanted to talk to him before anybody else had a chance.

One of the Prohibition agents volunteered to ride with us—as he said, for protection—but I declined. Dutch was about as dangerous as a baby lamb. On the way into town he spilled the beans.

He said the Prohibition agents arrived at his farm in a hired automobile—driven by the prize gossiper and tattletale of the entire county. Wint's hand showed up again in the deal of the cards. It wasn't just a happen-so that those two officers engaged the services of the one man in the community who knew everything about everybody and everything going on in the country and who was glad to tell about it.

The generosity of the Prohibition agents by raising the customary per diem pay from three to five dollars and the charge for the use of the man's Model T from ten to twenty cents per

(Continued on page 84)

The railroad did not go go through Russell Springs in the fall of 1918. The track had been taken up the year before and the steel rails shipped overseas to France during the First World War.

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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x9½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
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66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a 45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x8½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
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106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
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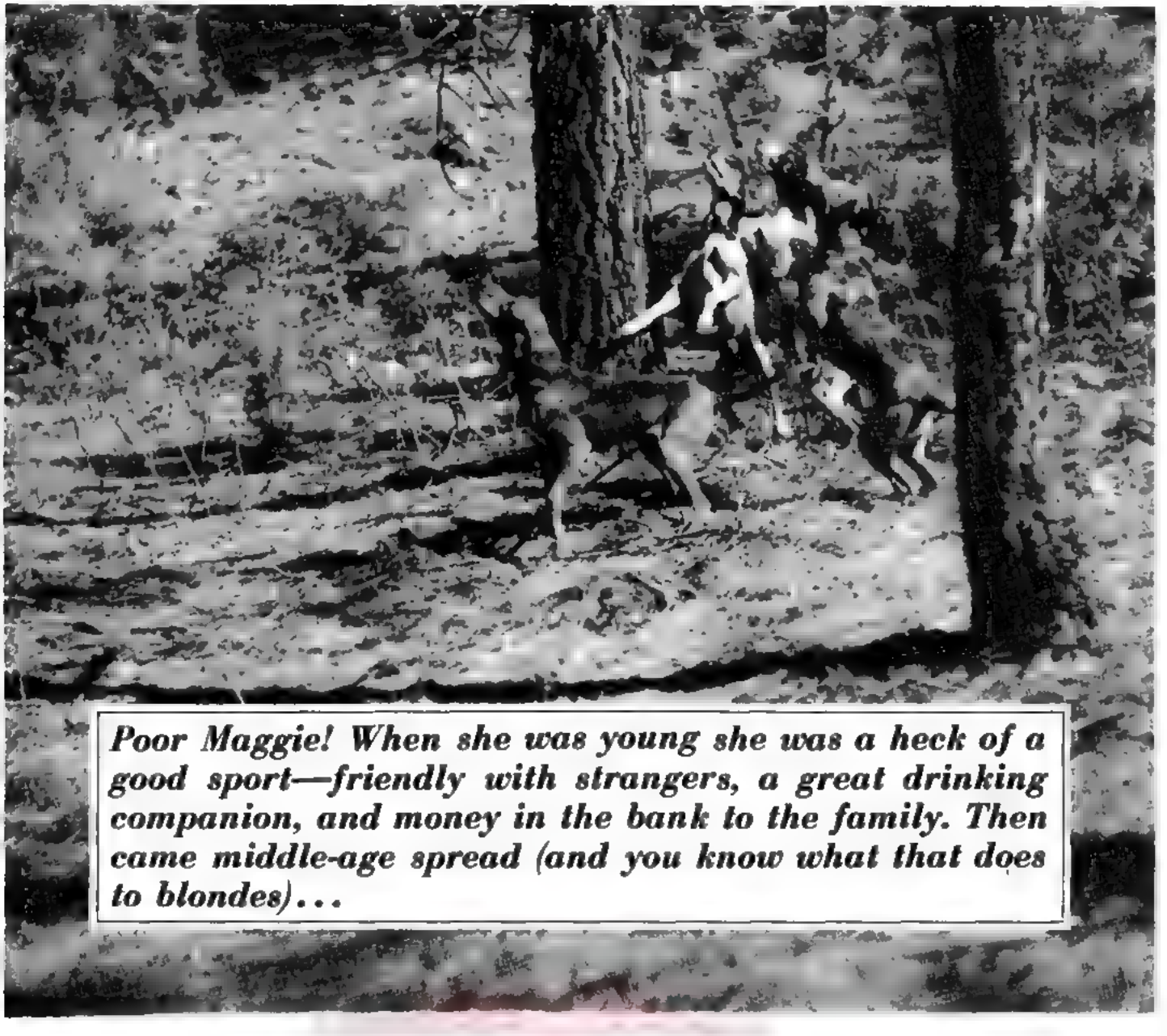
Maggie up a tree.

THE CASE OF THE SMUGGLED BEAR

IT WAS several months after the bottom dropped out of the stock market in New York before the bottom dropped out of the livestock market in southeastern Arizona. When the Lee boys realized that they could no longer produce cattle except at a loss, they turned to professional hunting for an income. They had kept some hounds to protect their herd and remuda from predators, and found to their delight that despite

By CLELL LEE
as told to
EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author



Poor Maggie! When she was young she was a heck of a good sport—friendly with strangers, a great drinking companion, and money in the bank to the family. Then came middle-age spread (and you know what that does to blondes)...

Clell Lee on Pansy in Paradise, Arizona. 1932.

the Great Depression, there were still a few men who could and would pay well for guides. Fortunately the Lees had the necessary equipment: saddle horses, dogs, guns, bedrolls, and camping gear sufficient for those who were willing to rough it.

It was necessary to train the pups to trail mountain lions and bears only, for few of the hunters wanted deer. But finding a cub that could be used for the training proved more difficult than they had anticipated.

While returning from a trip into Mexico, Ernest and Vince Lee stopped at a little village with a trading post. It carried a line of general merchandise, served meals, dispensed liquor, and though there was no ice, sold soft drinks. To a tree close to the door a half-grown bear was chained. She was a blonde of the black family, and a friendly little thing. What interested the Lee boys most was the fact that she was a hard drinker. They watched Mexicans deny themselves a drink to buy beer or a soda for the bear. She would stand on her hind feet, and, with a bottle in her paw, guzzle its contents. And to the Lees' surprise, when given a choice between beer and pop she invariably reached for the beer.

"Reckon they'd sell her?" asked Vince of his older brother.

"We can soon find out," replied Ernest.

The owner at first shook his head, but at repeated urgings to name a price he finally gave one beyond Ernest's ability to pay. The boys haggled a while, well knowing that if they paid the first price asked, the pleasure of the sale would be ruined for the Mexican. Gradually he lowered his price and Ernest raised his until they were close to arriving at a figure acceptable to both.

The Lees pooled their resources and informed the owner that they had reached their limit. They produced their cash and showed it, saying they had to keep enough money to buy gasoline. Ernest deducted the amount he thought essential to get them to Paradise, Arizona, and offered the rest.

"How about eating?" Vince asked.

"We've still got some bacon. We'll make out."

THE OWNER donated the chain and the boys led the bear to the pickup. They had no difficulty in loading her; she climbed in and sat down. They fastened her chain and drove away. She made no attempt to escape but in each village she attracted a lot of attention. One spectator asked how much duty the boys would have to pay to get her into the States. Duty! That hadn't entered into their calculations.

They took another inventory, this time of their gear, to determine whether or not they had anything they might sell. They found nothing. Then Vince said that there was another expense they'd overlooked—food for Maggie.

"She's filled up on beer till she don't need any food," said Ernest, "but how come 'Maggie'?"

"Good name for her, don't you think?" asked Vince. So Maggie she was.

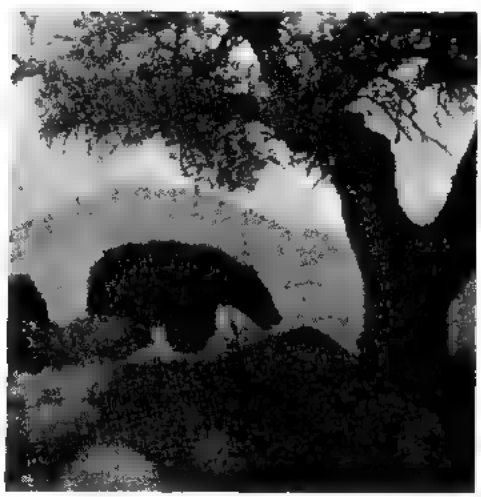
It was important not to get into Agua Prieta before sundown, Ernest said, but they should time their arrival just before the gate was closed. How were they to pay duty? They wouldn't. Ernest knew of an arroyo about a half-mile east of the border town where he thought they could slide Maggie under the fence. They might have to do some digging and that wouldn't be easy without a shovel.

Before they got to Agua Prieta Vince would take Maggie out of the pickup and walk through the brush to the arroyo. Ernest would wait until fifteen minutes before the gate closed to go through. To avoid suspicion he would hire a taxi and go down the fence on the north side, and pick up Maggie and Vince. It would cost a quarter and the Lees might have to do without supper; Maggie, too. Well, she was no better than they.

Ernest warned Vince that a line rider would go back and forth along the fence and that he must time the crossing when there was no danger of being caught by the guard.

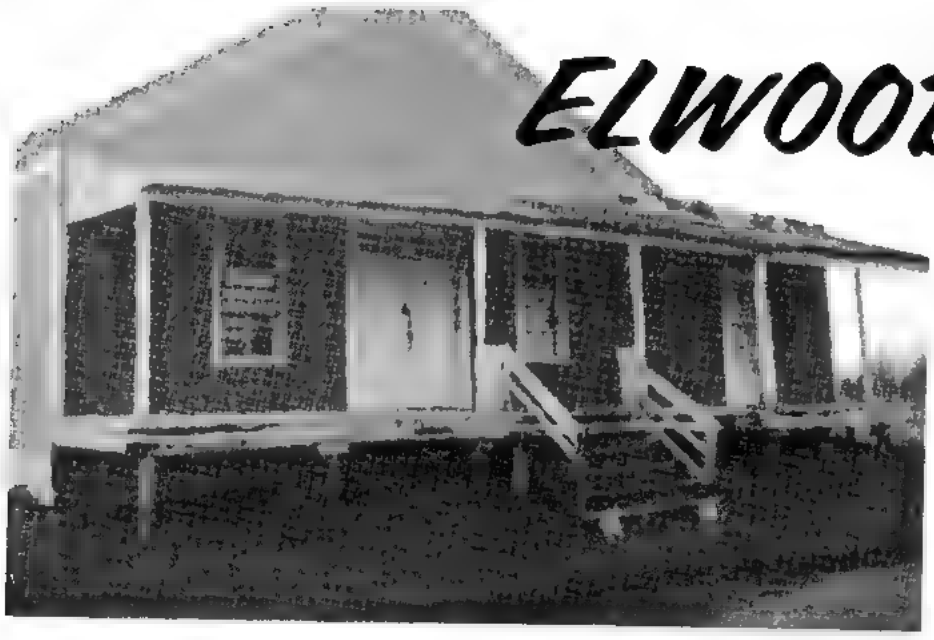
Vincent and Maggie lay hidden until Ernest had cleared the customs. When the guard had ridden east, Vince started with Maggie for the arroyo. Just before they reached it, she stepped into some grass burrs and became very angry. She lifted first one foot, then the other, and cried. She squealed till Vince thought she had made enough noise to alert all of Agua Prieta. He picked her up and car-

(Continued on page 59)



Above. Maggie chained beneath a handy tree. At left, the Lee Brothers' pack, after treeing Maggie in the Chiricahua Mountains near Paradise. At right, Clell Lee poses with the family hounds, about 1930.

ELWOOD, TEXAS HAS GONE TO GRASS



The front view of Hopper's store, where many a checker game was played by the old wood stove in Elwood's busier days.

By JERRY N. HADDOCK

Photos Courtesy Author

ELWOOD, TEXAS—where is it? Well, for the benefit of those who by some mysterious quirk of fate have never heard of this hamlet, imagine yourself in the Fannin County seat of Bonham. Not much is going on there now, but that wasn't always so. The great gentleman gunfighter, John Wesley Hardin, was born there, and Bonham was also the home of the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. However, other than geography, Bonham has little to do with this story. The old-timers of Elwood were never as famous as Sam Rayburn or John Wesley Hardin; life sort of passed them by—or maybe it just couldn't find them.

North of Bonham on Highway 78 toward Oklahoma, within twenty miles or less you'll pass Kueckelhan's Ranch, where some of the best rodeos in Texas are held. After a right turn onto Farm Road 273, you have a good start for El-

At left, one of the roads to Elwood. Below, Elwood Cemetery.

Cut off on the north by Red River and located too far from settlements to the south, the old town never had much of a future to start with...

Above, the remains of Doug and Marcy McCrae's place. Below, the Elwood Girls' Basketball Team of 1927.

wood. About seven miles before you reach Telephone, Texas (where the nearest post office is located), you intersect a small dirt road; go north on this road and you're headed for Elwood.

I have heard different stories about how Telephone got its name. One story has it that at the time Telephone was named, there wasn't one telephone in town; however, my late grandmother, Mrs. Grace Bishop Martin (who was reared in that immediate vicinity) said the first telephone switchboard in that part of Fannin County was indeed located there. I never knew of my grandmother to knowingly make a false statement, so I will accept her account as fact. Incidentally, Coffee Mill, Texas, located seven or so miles southeast of Telephone, not only doesn't have a mill, there's not even a place to buy a cup of coffee.

Anyway, after leaving Farm Road 273, you will find the going considerably rougher, and you'll understand why you have never heard of Elwood before. It takes some sharp navigating just to stay on the road which, when it rains, is virtually impassable.

After having traversed this road about three miles, and having passed what was at one time a pear orchard you may notice on the right hand side of the road an old farm house in poor repair. That house was built by my grandfather, John Martin. I was born there and spent much of my childhood there. John Martin had died by the time I came along, but Grandmamma Grace was still there.

"The old Martin place," as it is known around that area, faces the west. My grandmother and I used to sit on the front porch in the evening and watch the sunset; it was truly beautiful. Even though at the time I couldn't have been more than six or seven years old, I remember it well enough that if I were an artist I could paint that sunset today. It was during those evenings that my grandmother would recall the past.

Her father at one time had a lot of land between Telephone and Elwood. I never did find out how he came into possession of it, but I suspect that he obtained it through one of the land acts in effect during the 1840s, whereby settlers were given considerable acreage provided they would homestead it.

My great-grandfather's name was Elijah E. Bishop. He must not have been a very colorful man because, to the best of my memory, Grandmamma or anyone else seldom spoke of him. Information given me by my mother, who was born in the same house I was, indicates though that Mr. Bishop must have been one to take care of his own. She said that upon the marriage of each of his six children, they were given part of his land—probably about eighty-five acres.

Around 1900, John Martin was one of Mr. Bishop's hired hands. He was either smitten by Miss Grace Bishop's charm,

or the prospect of coming into possession of her dowry in the form of real estate. In any case he married young Grace and evidently took the marriage and the land in good faith, for he fathered seven children (six girls and one boy) and killed himself working that land.

I used to ask Grandmamma why he died so young (in his early forties) and she would look off into the distance and say, "I guess he just worked himself to death."

JOHN MARTIN must not have believed in all work and no play, though, for my mother told me of times when a neighbor about three miles to the north would ride his horse down to the Martin place in the wintertime, carrying his fiddle in a wooden case. John Patton was his name and aside from the fact that he was a very talented fiddle player, he was also a good animal doctor. John Martin and John Patton would play their fiddles in front of a roaring oakwood fire until early morning. Mother said that her dad sometimes made his little girls pat their feet in time with the music. Her eyes still light up when she speaks about it. I believe that Mother's favorite fiddle tune must have been "Bully of the Town."

I was fortunate enough to have met John Patton when I was just a child. His house was just behind the swimming hole on Narveau Creek, and in the summertime he would often sit on his front porch and watch us kids swim. Mr. Patton had a son whose name was James Edwin. I didn't know him very well, but he and one of my older brothers were very good friends and hunting companions. James Edwin died serving with the Marines during the Korean War. To the best of my knowledge there was just Mr. Patton, his son, and his wife Cora living on that place.

I have talked with some of the old-timers of Elwood about Mr. Patton, and they all swear that he was the best animal doctor to ever come down the pike. How he gained his knowledge is somewhat of a mystery, for there is no record of his ever having had formal veterinary training. But no matter what time of day or night or in what kind of weather, Mr. Patton would travel any distance to tend anyone's ailing horse or cow, usually with favorable results. John and young James Edwin Patton now lie side by side in the Elwood Cemetery.

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother, my grandfather and grandmother, as well as aunts and some cousins, are also buried in the Elwood Cemetery, and I try to visit the place at least once a year. My last visit, however, was a sad experience. Only a few family plots looked as if they had been cared for; the rest of the cemetery was knee-high in weeds. Some of the headstones had been turned over and broken, including the marker of my Great-grandfather Bishop. Whether this was the work of nature or vandals I do not know, but I do know that if Doug McCrae were alive the place wouldn't be in that shape.

Doug McCrae, or "Cousin Doug" as we all called him, lived on a farm directly behind the cemetery. He and his wife Marcy were, I guess, what you might call self-appointed overseers of the graveyard. When I was a youngster I used to use the cemetery as a short-cut home after having visited with my cousins down on the pike (FM 273). Lots of times while I was taking these short-cuts I would see Cousin Doug and Marcy weeding someone's family plot, often as not graves of people who were not even related to them. As far as I can determine, they were never appointed to this job and received no pay, but just did it out of their respect for mankind.

I remember I once came through at dinnertime and Marcy made me come in for dinner. I was always rather bashful and protested at first, but she wouldn't have it any other way. I guess that was some of the best fried chicken, gravy, biscuits, hominy and mashed potatoes I have ever had. I remember Doug teased me for being so shy and urged me to eat more; he was the kind of man who could put anyone at ease. Doug and Marcy's home now stands vacant and deteriorating. Oak trees and weeds have taken over the once neat little lane that led to their house. But, in a manner of speaking, they are still there—side by side in a very well kept plot in the Elwood Cemetery, not more than fifty yards from their old home place.

The old Martin home.

THE Elwood schoolhouse and church used to be located across the road from the cemetery. I believe that originally the school offered eleven grades but, by the time I attended, grade six was the highest academic achievement possible.

Mrs. Opel was the only teacher, dividing her time between six rows of children seated at desks with carved initials dating back to 1890. She managed to convey at least part of her message to us. Once Elwood school had an enrollment of about seventy-five, and my mother tells me they had a girls' basketball team unsurpassed by any other in the surrounding communities. Mrs. Opel was the principal, playground instructor, and was also in charge of seeing that the big wood stove in the classroom was kept going in the wintertime (she usually delegated that last job to one of the older boys). My aunt, Audry Parker, was the cook and the only person in charge of a little shotgun-type building in front of the school which served as the school cafeteria. To everyone around Elwood, it was known as the Cook Shack.

I remember when Aunt Audry rang her little dinner bell, most of us kids almost broke our necks getting to the Cook Shack; one little girl did sprain her arm. Aunt Audry would always have a piping hot meal ready, at precisely twelve noon. Dinner would usually consist of cornbread, pinto beans, potatoes and sometimes corn; of course, it wasn't that everyday, but it would have suited me fine if it had been.

For some reason I had a special aversion to tomatoes and any of their derivatives. She knew that and always saw to it that when the meal consisted of anything with tomatoes in it, I had a bowl of beans waiting at a conspicuous place on that big long wooden table. For that simple act of kindness, she gained the permanent love and respect of this nephew.

Aunt Audry, who raised six children in Elwood and still found time for involvement with community activities such as pie suppers, box suppers, and serving for many years as the Elwood church pianist, is still very active and a constant source of amazement to me.

About three miles up the road from the schoolhouse is a bridge over Elwood Creek. We always called it the Iron Bridge, but it no longer has the towering iron railings it once had. Approx-

imately seventy-five yards north of this bridge, situated on a small hill, stands what used to be the hub of Elwood.

Hopper's General Store—a barn-like structure with a front porch so high and wide that I was sometimes afraid I wouldn't make it up the steps. On the south side of this great white structure is a smaller porch. The south side of the store is also where the gas pump used to be, but on my last visit it was no longer in evidence. I remember how I marveled at the way that red liquid would suddenly appear in the glass part of the pump after some farmer had worked the lever on the side.

In the summertime the south porch was where the menfolk gathered for dominoes, checkers, pitching washers and just plain shooting the bull. (Rumor had it that there were sometimes games of a more serious nature going on down on the sandy bank of Elwood Creek.)

A colored man named Ed (his last name I fail to recall) would often come by the store and buy his dinner. I once watched him devour two cans of sardines, a jar of peanut butter, a dime's worth of cheese and bologna, and twelve hot R. C. Colas, all at one sitting.

Along about November the men were forced to abandon the south porch for the inside and the warmth of a big iron stove which "Hop," as Mr. Hopper was called, had thoughtfully placed in what looked like a giant cat litter. The games and bull sessions would continue there until about the middle of April.

Grace Bishop at age 20. A birthday photo taken in August 1884.

ONE clear day in July my brother and I set out on our weekly jaunt to Elwood for groceries. Having neither automobile nor horse our means of transportation was on our tough, crusty bare feet. We started early before it began to get hot, but from Grandmamma Martin's to Elwood was about three or four miles and it was getting pretty warm by the time we started back. That particular trip we were both loaded to the limit with sacks of groceries. As I recall we both were carrying two big paper sacks and there was another odd parcel; I can't for the life of me recall what is was but, anyway, we took turns carrying it.

Later, about three-quarters of a mile down that winding sandy road which had by then become a steaming trail that felt like molten lava to our feet, Ernest Cushner's cornfield was indeed a welcome sight. We had discovered on previous trips that if we moved fast and stayed in the shade of those parched cornstalks, we could make it to the next half-mile stretch of sandy road with our feet fairly well cooled off.

Judging the sun I figured it must have been right about twelve noon; I didn't have a thermometer, but I know it was at least a hundred degrees. We both by then had sweat running from under the bands of our straw hats; we weren't wearing shirts, and the grocery sacks were becoming moist from contact with our bodies and arms. About the middle of the cornfield, all the sacks were breaking apart and we were having a real hard time keeping the groceries inside. It was very frustrating. I had fallen behind my older brother about twenty yards and was retrieving some of the cans I had dropped while trying to hold on to the sugar sack. After arranging the goods in my sacks, I went into a slow trot in order to catch up.

I was within ten yards of him when I realized that he had problems of his own. I guess a man (or boy) can only stand so much, because when the bottom of the sack he was holding in his right arm came out he acted like no brother of mine had ever acted. Before that carton of melting hog lard could hit the ground, he drop kicked it at least twenty yards (dropping everything else in the process) and the stream of oaths emanating from that eleven-year-old boy would have shocked a longshoreman.

I have always had a sense of humor, and that scene was more than I could stand. I dropped both my sacks, sugar, beans, cans and all, and was rolling and laughing hysterically between those corn rows. My brother finally shook me to my senses. We salvaged everything we could and plodded on to Grandmamma's. Grandmamma accepted our explanation about how the sacks burst and spilled the groceries, but I don't believe she ever did figure out how that big toe print got in the lard.

The south loading porch at Hop's store.

ELWOOD'S blacksmith shop was located about thirty or forty yards east of the general store. Shelton (Shorty) Parker was the blacksmith, and from what I hear he must have been a darn good one. I have talked with people from all over Fannin County and they all seem to be in agreement on this point.

Shorty suddenly arrived in Elwood (as near as I can figure) around 1925. He evidently knew no one there and obviously had no relatives around Elwood, but anyway there he was. The folks learned later that he came from a well-to-do family over in Pittsburg, Texas. I don't know who he had to deal with in the course of building and opening his blacksmith shop, but open it he did and business must have been pretty good because he remained there until World War II.

He must have been one to make friends easily, for he hadn't been in Elwood long before he began to come calling on my mother's older sister, Aunt Audry. While Aunt Audry was entertaining Shelton in the parlor in front of the fireplace, Mother and the rest of the girls would conceal themselves around the house and observe the sparking. Mother was so fascinated with the red sox he wore that she got caught one time just trying to get a closer look. (Grand-

mamma must have had her hands full with all those girls.)

Shorty and Audry got married. Upon his return from California after the war (he had gone there to be a welder in the shipyards) there didn't seem to be much demand for a blacksmith in Elwood anymore. He moved his shop to Bonham and located in the old barn across from the trade square. I believe the barn at one time had been a livery stable. His shop remained at that location until his death.

On my last visit to Elwood, I made it a point to stop by Hopper's Store. I didn't even know if it was still open or not, but sure enough it was with no indication of ever closing. Lillian Jones (Hop's sister) was sitting alone on the top step of that huge front porch, obviously lost in her own thoughts. I bought cigarettes, then glanced around the store. It was the same, except there were no longer horse collars, feed sacks or anything to do with livestock; and the old wood stove had been replaced with some kind of gas contraption. Lillian didn't know who I was until I explained that I was Grace Martin's grandson. She seemed genuinely pleased that I had stopped by, which made me feel pretty good.

I had a seat on one of the old wooden benches by the stove and we talked for awhile about Elwood and some of its people, and when there had been more activity. I displayed an interest in the old bean bins that Hop used to scoop beans out of in the amount requested (usually a quarter or fifty cents' worth) into brown paper sacks. The feeling I had upon discovering that they were empty could not be described as sadness, but darn close to it. Hop (Elbert, as she called him) died some years back, so I guess Lillian keeps the store going now. As I made my exit through the south door. I turned for one last look, and the *odor* of new horse collars, stock feed and leather was unmistakable. On the south porch I even smelled old Ed's sardines, and felt his big eyes on me all the way to my car.

I sat in the car for a few minutes just looking down toward Elwood Creek. Then the ruins of Uncle Billy's house directly across the road caught my attention. Uncle Billy was a colorful character if there ever was one; he always reminded me of Sandy Hopkins in all those old Johnny Mack Brown movies—the only difference being that Uncle Billy was almost blind and Sandy Hopkins wasn't.

Uncle Billy would sometimes join in the game in progress down on the creek. Faulty vision can prove a handicap in a game of craps, but he evidently took that in stride. My brothers, cousins, and I used to sneak up as close to where the game was taking place as we dared, and watch for awhile before sounding the false alarm that the local law enforcement officer was advancing. Such bedlam you never saw—people grabbing money, throwing dice in the creek, and trying to look innocent, but it was all in good fun. Uncle Billy had his own special cup for dice rolling, and he would feebly shake it all around, then slowly drop the dice out on the ground with the question, "What it it?" I don't know if any of the men in the game ever took advantage of him, but my guess would be that they didn't.

ELWOOD'S geographical location being not more than three or four miles from Red River and the Oklahoma Territory leaves me in wonder that someone did not in its earlier days recognize the possibility of a ferry. I guess the early-day men of Elwood were farmers rather than river men. One reason that some enterprising young gentleman may have failed to undertake that project could have been the treacherous action the Red River sometimes displayed (in those days the Big Red was very unpredictable), and in that particular part of the river whirlpools and ten-foot drop-offs were not uncommon. Men like Elijah Bishop and some of the other early-day settlers of Elwood could possibly be held accountable for its loss of the ferry business, and maybe even a major highway. But be that as it may, it could be that they weren't very civic-minded, had no interest in money or progress—maybe they just didn't care.

There were many fine people in Elwood I would liked to have written about—people whose history would have served to describe some of Elwood's past as well as the ones I have chosen. But finding out about them at this late date would have been beyond me. It is for this reason that I selected people with whom I was most familiar.

Search and Seizure

(Continued from page 26)

mile, put him in a talkative mood. He was not in on the deal to trap anybody. He thought he had his line on a pair of livewire oil men with lots of dough to spend! He introduced them to Dutch as oil geologists.

They asked permission to look over the farm for oil showings, which was readily granted. They produced a gadget which they called a doodlebug, or oil finder. When they carried the instrument around and among the farm machinery, the action of the needle on the face of the dial was quite impressive. It looked like they were standing squarely on top of an oil pool.

That was good—very good. Dutch responded with his best known way of displaying his gratitude and hospitality. He produced a jug of moonshine and invited all hands to "have one." The second time around one of the so-called geologists said, "That's about the best hooch I ever tasted. I'd like to buy a gallon of it."

"I neffer sell," Dutch told him. "I yust keep a liddle for mineself—and mine friends vend they gome to see me."

"But it's too good to keep," the geologist responded. "When our report gets to the company office, lease hounds and other oil men will be all over the country. You can make a good business of it until money comes rolling in from your oil well." While Dutch hesitated, the newly found friend and benefactor added more persuasion. "It'll beat farming all to pieces," he said, with a wave of his hand at the wilting corn which was undergoing an August drought.

The congenial company, the bright prospects of the future, and the warmth generated by his own liquor put Dutch in a generous mood. "I giff you dot chug," he said freely.

"No," the agent argued. "We couldn't take advantage of you that way. Our company will gladly pay all our expenses. Here, take this ten and buy a present for your wife."

"All righdt," Dutch agreed. "I giff you anodder chug van you gome back nexdt time."

As his callers were leaving, a neighbor arrived in time to see them put the jug of liquor in their car. After they departed, the neighbor questioned the wisdom of handing out liquor to strangers. "Dthey're all righdt," Dutch assured him. "Dthey're chenuine oil cheolochis's. Dthey godt a liddle dthing like a glock mit a liddle spheer dthat goess 'roundt and 'roundt."

"And the next thing you know, you're apt to be going around and around," the neighbor predicted wisely.

IF WINT and the Prohibition agents had been as smart as they thought they were, they would have put Dutch's telephone out of commission. I saw that line leading into the house and had a good idea of what was going to happen. It was their show and I was willing to let the chips fall where they would. There never has been—as yet—a means devised that would beat the old style party line telephone system at spreading news and gossip. Each patron's call was designated by a combination of rings, but every phone on the line would ring.

In her distress, Mrs. Beuhler called a friend to tell her the bad news. A telephone ringing at two o'clock in the morning in a quiet and sedate community had an ominous tone which created a number of eavesdroppers. What they heard was sensational enough that at least some of them were moved to call up friends or relatives on other lines and repeat what they had heard. Within an hour everybody in that end of the county who had a telephone and a little curiosity knew what was going on.

After placing Dutch in jail, we took out after the other two suspects. Our efforts produced exactly nothing—unless hard feeling can be counted. Independent farm people resented being hauled out of bed at three o'clock in the morning and having men whom they considered to be intruders go prowling over their premises and through their houses—even if it was done in the name of the law.

At the last place we raided, the householder went into a spasm when he recognized the Prohibition agents as the two oil men who had visited his place the day before and made discreet inquiries as to where they might locate a little of the elusive hooch. He was a professional when it came to dishing out profanity and he didn't spare the whip as he poured it on. I thought that I was pretty good at the art myself, but he could beat me both ways from the Jack.

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Since he had a good reason to believe that all of us were involved in the attempted frame-up, he included both Wint and me in his tongue lashing.

The Prohibition agents let it roll off their backs like rain off a tin roof. No doubt they had heard very much the same thing at other times during their careers. But Wint wasn't accustomed to taking insults. His face kept getting redder and redder like he was struggling between rage and humiliation. Then he yelled at me frantically. "Can't you do something to stop him from all this abuse?"

I had been fighting to hold back a laugh for some time and right then it busted loose. "Do you know of a way to stop him?" I asked as soon as I could get my lips straight enough to speak. "The only person I know of who can stop a man from talking in his own house is his wife. She doesn't seem inclined to do so."

The old girl had come into the kitchen wearing a pair of old rundown house slippers and a robe that looked like a horse blanket. Her hair was frizzled out in all directions—just like Phyllis Diller wears hers. The sour look on her face faded away into a slow grin and she gave me a broad wink. It struck me that it was a fitting climax for the end of the entire fiasco.

BY THAT TIME everybody was mad at everybody else. The Prohibition agents had been mad at me all night for taking their guns. Wint was mad at me for laughing at him. The Prohibition agents were free and sharp with sarcasm directed at and around Wint for our failure to round up at least one big-time operator. Wint was exposing his upper teeth and chewing on his lower lip like he did when extremely irked. I was mad at Wint for his secrecy in starting the whole business and for undercutting me in getting out the search warrants. I wasn't exactly mad at the Prohibition agents, I was just contemptuous of them. I was tired of hearing them laugh and brag about how they fooled that dumb Dutchman.

The sun was up and quite a few people were about when we stopped for breakfast at a restaurant in the town where the gossiping car drive lived. He had heard the news and he came around to share in the glory. Instead of getting a pat on the back, he got some verbal kicks in the seat of his pants. The Prohibition agents used him as a whipping boy to throw a few digs over his shoulder at Wint. I felt kind of sorry for him. He had no official standing and was helpless to openly resent anything they said.

To give the devil his due, the Prohibition agents did have grounds for their beefs. They had been led to believe that a rich crop of liquor law violators was ripe for harvest. They found themselves in about the same position as the fellow who went out into the wilderness loaded down with bear traps, high-powered rifles, and hunting knives and came out proudly displaying a mangy little gopher as his trophy. They had about a gal-

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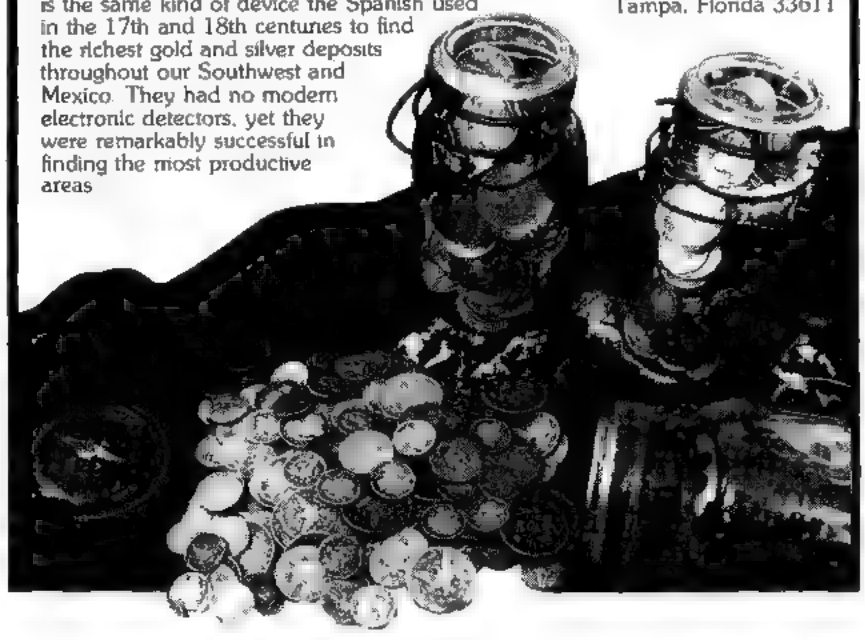

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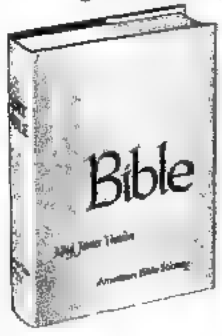

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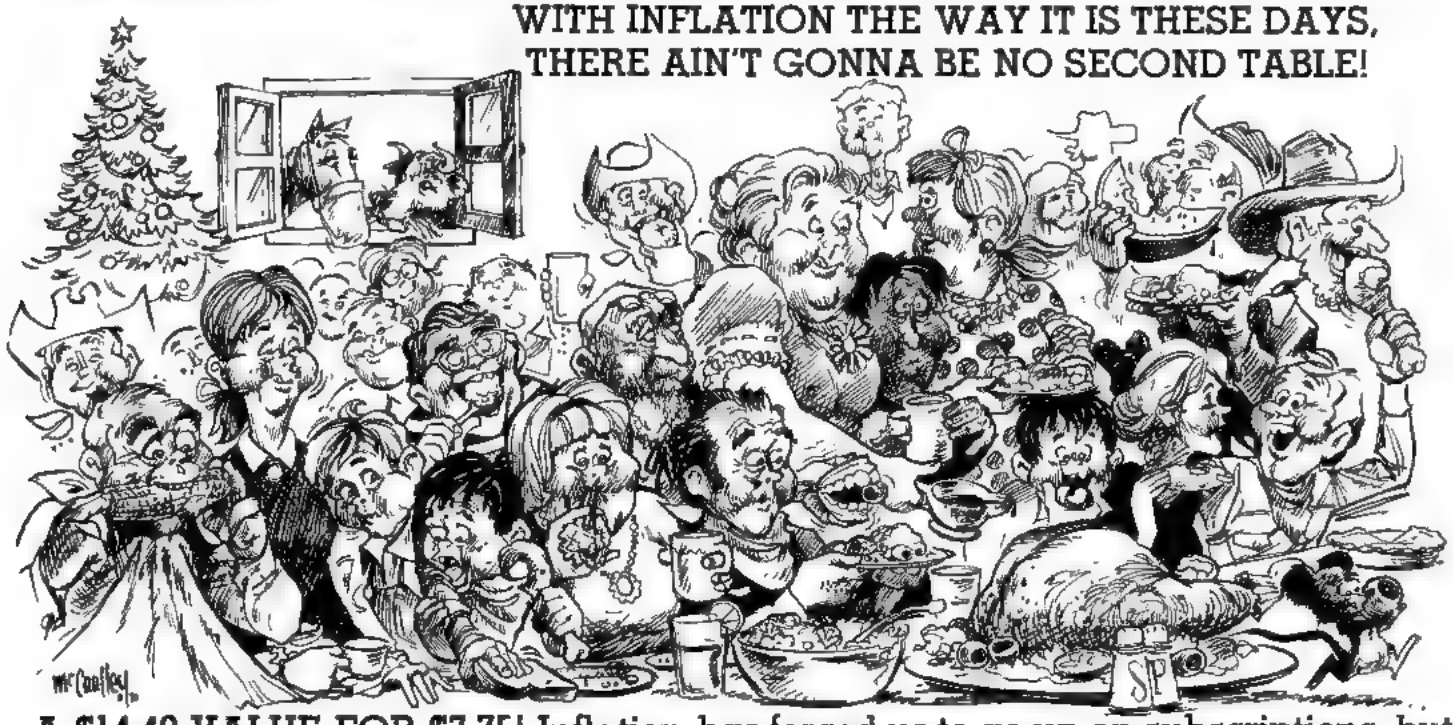

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lon of illicit booze, a tin-can liquor still and a poverty-stricken farmer for a victim to account for all their elaborate and expensive undertaking. It was my guess that they were wondering what kind of an excuse they would make to a hard-nosed supervisor who was interested in results and not alibis. None of this made any difference as far as Dutch was concerned. He was caught like a pig in a gate and he couldn't wiggle loose.

In actions that were relatively insignificant, federal officers always turned prisoners back to local officials for prosecution in the state courts. In that way we inherited the case against Dutch Beuhler. When Wint took the Prohibition agents back to the county seat they supervised the filing of the criminal complaints. They charged Dutch with about every prohibition violation under the law. It looked like they not only intended to throw the entire book at him, but the bench and the chairs and everything else loose in the courtroom. Before leaving, they assured Wint they would be ready to appear as witnesses whenever the case was called for trial.

On the chance that the local justice of peace might be influenced out of sympathy or friendship for Dutch, they filed the charges direct in district court. They missed on that one. I knew the judge better than they did. He was dedicated to upholding and enforcing the law all right, but he also had a sense of fair play. I had heard him quote the remark of an illustrious judge of the United States Supreme Court, as follows, "Any person or institution seeking justice before this tribunal should come with clean hands." I knew our judge wouldn't like it if he found out about the shenanigans worked on Dutch. I also knew of a sure way for him to find out.

THE district clerk set bail for Dutch at a thousand dollars. It was rather high for a case of that kind, but the clerk seemed to hold the federal officers more or less in awe and he yielded to their pressure.

The amount made no difference as far as I was concerned. An appearance bond is to guarantee presence of the accused in court when called. There was no danger of Dutch running away. When he was formally committed to my custody, I released him on his own recognizance. The Prohibition agents didn't like that.

Dutch consulted a lawyer who in turn consulted me. Then the lawyer advised him to enter a plea of nolo contendere—in legal jargon, "no contest"—which is a left-handed way of pleading guilty. By such a plea Dutch put himself at the mercy of the court. That was much the best for him in the long run. Too much evidence could be brought against him, for any chance of beating the rap. The Prohibition agents and their driver would all testify as to the sale of the liquor and all of us would testify to what we found in searching his premises. The judge would be much more lenient in assessing the penalty than if convicted by jury trial. Besides, Dutch was saving the price of an attorney's fee.

On the other hand, it might have been worth the difference for the satisfaction of seeing those two Prohibition agents squirm in the hot seat of the witness chair under the skillful cross-examination of a competent defense lawyer.

Our judicial district consisted of six counties along the Kansas City and Denver line of the Union Pacific Railroad. The judge was the Honorable J. C. Ruppenthal who lived in the east end of the district. Our county was the fifth one west and only one county from the Colorado line. We had only two short terms of regular court during the year. In order to relieve the docket where practicable, the judge often traveled over the district in between terms and disposed of some non-jury matters which included pleas of guilty in criminal actions. The various sheriffs relayed him from one county seat to another.

When I got my call to meet the judge at the county seat east of us, I sent word for Dutch to be on hand when we arrived at the courthouse. On the way back I told the judge exactly what had happened. I also stipulated that I was willing to repeat what I had told him under oath in open court. He made no comment and I had not expected any. No prudent judge will commit himself on any case pending before him except from the bench and in open court.

There were two or three lawyers—interested in other matters—and a few spectators on hand when the judge opened that informal court hearing. Dutch was there looking like a scared rabbbit. Wint was on hand—a little nervous as he made ready to present his first case in court alone. Since it was known that Dutch intended to plead guilty, none of the witnesses was present. Ordinarily, the car driver would have been there out of curiosity but the drubbing by the Prohibition agents made him anxious to forget the whole thing.

"We will first take up the case of the State versus Charles Beuhler," the judge announced from the bench. "Mr. Beuhler, you will stand and face the court." Then he advised Dutch of his right to counsel. When Dutch stated his intention to plead no contest, the judge informed him of the four charges against him and the penalties therefor, which ranged from a minimum of thirty days in jail and a fine of fifty dollars to the maximum of six months in jail and a fine of five hundred dollars in each of the four counts. Then he continued.

"We will first take up count one in this bill of indictment which alleges the illegal sale of intoxicating liquor. On your plea of no contest—which is tantamount to a plea of guilty—I sentence you to serve thirty days in jail and assess a fine of fifty dollars which is the minimum in such cases, and at least a minimum penalty is mandatory under the statutes."

The judge then turned to me and said, "Mr. Sheriff, you will please take the witness stand." Naturally, I thought he was calling my hand to make good on what I had already told him. It was nothing like that. I was in for a big surprise, but Wint was in for a bigger one. Wint began to twist around like he had smelled a rat in the corn crib and he didn't know what to do about it. Like

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most any other lawyer would do when confused at the sudden turn of events, he raised an objection.

"Your Honor, please," he exclaimed in a voice too loud and strained for a dignified attorney to use in court, "under our jurisprudence, the statutes do not require supporting testimony in pleas of guilty or nolo contendere in matters such as the one at bar."

I think the judge succeeded in hiding from everybody but me, the ghost of a smile that flashed across his otherwise stern countenance. "Thank you," he said, "this court always appreciates any information regarding the statutes."

Then he turned back to me. After putting me under oath, he picked up the search warrant I had served on Dutch Beuhler. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "your return on the service and execution of this search warrant upon the home and premises of Charles Beuhler shows the time to have been between the hours of one and two a.m. August 10. Did darkness prevail over the land at those hours?"

After I recovered from the shock at what seemed to be such an unorthodox question, I snubbed an impulse to say, "Any damn fool knows it's dark at two o'clock in the morning," but instead I made an orthodox reply. "That is correct, Your Honor. Darkness did prevail over the land at that time."

Then he turned his attention back to Wint. "Does the prosecution wish to cross-examine this witness?" he asked.

"No, Your Honor," Wint replied in a sad tone of voice just like his first case in court was not turning out at all like he had pictured it. The judge excused me from the stand and addressed himself to Dutch.

"Mr. Beuhler, in counts two, three, and four in this complaint you are charged with the illegal possession of a liquor still, the illegal possession of intoxicating liquor, and the illegal possession of fermenting mash respectively. According to the official record and the oral testimony of this sheriff, the evidence supporting these charges was acquired illegally. Therefore, they are dismissed." Then he opened the law book and read, for every one of us to hear, the clause in the search and seizure statute which restricted the service and execution of a search warrant to *daylight* hours.

Next he fixed me with a ferocious scowl and said, "A sheriff should inform himself on the law in such matters and not dive headlong into something and commit an act that he might regret later." The old booger! I could have hugged him for those last remarks. He looked like he was ready to chew me up, but I knew to myself that he was laughing inside.

All's well that ends well. Strange to say, everybody was happy. Dutch was glad to get off with the minimum punishment. I was glad he got stopped before he got in too deep. My only regret was that the Prohibition agents were not there to see the final outcome.

As he had done many times before and continued to do afterward, Wint popped into my office and helped himself to my sack of Bull Durham tobacco and cigarette papers that I always kept on my desk. "I'm glad to get out of that mess—and learn something at the same time," he grinned. And the judge, he just continued with his court affairs as though nothing had ever happened.

There were times during that night of confusion that I felt like choking Wint. But he was the kind of a fellow you couldn't stay mad at—even if you tried. He was my friend before the event and he proved in more ways than one that he was my friend as long as we were associated together. It was indeed sad tidings when word reached me that he had passed away. That was the only thing he ever did to hurt me.

Magic In the Okanogan

(Continued from page 19)

shape and tied them down; an hour later the bends were permanent.

He sharpened the curved ends to a point, cut a groove down the middle, and the skis were finished. At school the next day he gave me the buckskin fasteners.

It was great fun sliding down the snowy slopes, and the skis were a help in herding our cattle which were turned out every day even in winter.

Our school was only fifty yards from Toroda Creek. Leo and I went fishing during recess. In less than fifteen minutes we were able to catch sixty trout. Leo caught most of them. We gave them all to his mother. She was such a nice lady but suffered from rheumatism in her left arm. One day she remarked to my sister Rose, "My arm—she is so sick!"

Leo's younger brother, Absolom, and a cousin, Levi, also attended school. Most unfortunately I got into a terrible fight with Absolom and Levi. I'll explain what caused it.

The Indians were a noble and trusting people. Lying and deceit were unknown to them. When an Indian gave his word he kept it. Once a friend, he remained a friend unless lied to or deceived. On this particular day Leo was absent and I walked home with Absolom and Levi. I sensed something wrong. We'd walked about a half mile when Absolom stopped and said: "We fight here."

"Why?" I asked in stunned surprise, "Aren't we still friends?"

"No," he retorted. "You insult me."

I couldn't get him to tell me what was wrong. Instead he lunged at me and we both fell into the road. I didn't want to fight Absolom. He was a year younger than I, and a little smaller, but I had no choice.

An Indian respects courage and if I had refused, he'd never have been my friend again. Indians have an honor code and live up to it. Levi stepped aside while we fought. After five rough minutes, Absolom broke away and Levi waded into me while Absolom rested. Unfair perhaps, but this was Indian logic.

I was getting winded now, but I couldn't quit or I'd have lost their respect forever. I spied a broken barrel stave a few feet away, grabbed it, and started whacking them both in the seat of their pants. After a few lusty wallops, Absolom agreed to tell me what was bothering him.

Phil, a white classmate evidently resenting our friendship, had told Absolom I had called him a "Siwash." This is a vulgar name used by white trouble-makers, and bitterly resented by the Indians. When I told Absolom it was a lie and I had never used that word against any Indian, Absolom extended his hand. "We friends again—I believe you—I fight Phil tomorrow."

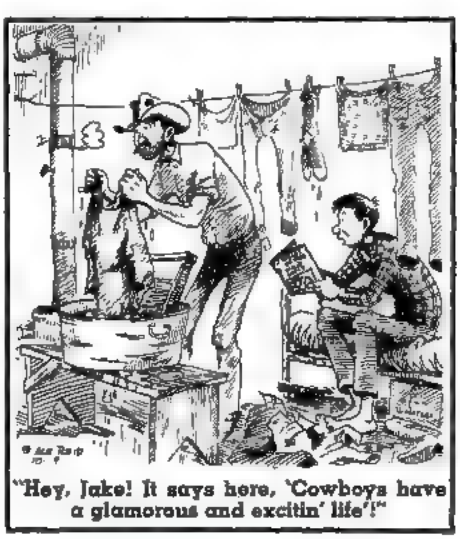
I insisted it was my fight, but Ab shook his head. "We both fight him—like today—only make sure no barrel staves around!"

Again Indian logic prevailed and this time it looked good to me!

The next day we cornered Phil and gave the order, "Confess or fight!" Shaking like a quaking aspen, he confessed the lie. The matter was ended. Absolom and Levi remained my good friends.

The year 1910 had many thrills. Halley's Comet paid Earth a visit in May—we all saw it from a hilltop. In September, four forest fires raged all at once. Dad spent the whole month fire-fighting.

On October 13, my birthday, lightening hit a tree across the gulch. The impact threw us all out of bed. It was my only birthday present!



"Hey, Jake! It says here, 'Cowboys have a glamorous and excitin' life'!"

The Duncans and Charlie Russell

(Continued from page 22)

Joe deYong, a protégé of Charlie's, was also a guest at the cabin and was later to go on the Eaton trip.

The screens which converted the living room into instant bedrooms were covered with white canvas, and on them each guest was asked to write his name "and something that will make us remember you," Mrs. Russell told Dorothy as she was preparing to leave and was adding her name to the list of autographs.

"But I don't know what to write in the second space," Dorothy pondered.

Mr. Russell came from the other side of the room. "Never mind, I already have a name for you—'Little Laughing White Woman'."

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"The last time I saw Charlie Russell was a few years later at the time of the Indian Fair in Browning," recalls Mrs. Duncan, "and the only tree burial I ever saw was pointed out to me by him.

"We had all been sitting in the bleachers in blankets to keep out the cold rain as we watched the Blackfoot Fair," says Mrs. Duncan who was, of course, still Dorothy Dodge at that time. They were still chuckling at an escapade of Charlie's that had happened earlier. He had been walking along the wooden boards looking for a vacant seat, when all of a sudden and just for fun, he sat down on an Indian woman's lap. She hauled off and gave him a resounding slap.

"Just what I deserved," said Charlie as he sat down *beside* the woman, both of them shaking with laughter.

The promise of a good meal and warm campfire tempted Russell and his friend, Linderman, so they had accepted Mike Shannon's invitation to ride out to camp with the Eaton guides. It was a merry group riding along the three-mile trail, but a hushed quiet came over the riders as they approached a gully and Charlie pointed out a freshly built tree burial. "We rode respectfully around the sacred ground, the men talking of other tree burials they had seen."

At camp, the cook tent offered shelter from the cold, and the men soon had a fire going just outside the door. "I've no idea what we had to eat that night," muses Mrs. Duncan, "but I shall ever remember the charm of stories told by Charlie with his hat pushed back, by Frank Linderman, and by our head guide, Mike Shannon, as we sat by the flickering campfire." They got some light inside the tent by cutting a thin strip from a Hudson's Bay blanket and twisting pieces of it to use as a wick in a pan of bacon grease.

Among others, Charlie told his famous pepper story: "A cowboy went to a revival meeting and got religion. The next night the preacher asked him to come forward and pray. The newly converted cowboy said he didn't know much about prayin'.

"'Well,' said the preacher, 'just tell how thankful you are for all that the Lord has given you and ask Him for more of His blessings.'

"So the newmade Christian began: 'We are thankful, God, for all You have given us and that I got religion, and please help us through the winter. Give everybody a barrel of flour and a barrel of sugar and a barrel of salt and a barrel of pepper.'

"Then he paused for a second, 'Jesus Christ, that's *too much* pepper!'"

Now half a century later, Dorothy Duncan tells that story with a twinkle in her eye and captivates even the most skeptical audiences with her reading of campfire poetry.

Two of Russell's paintings, "Where Great Herds Come to Drink" and "His Heart Sleeps" feature tree burials. "Today, as I look at those pictures, I remember that night," says Mrs. Duncan, "and I know just how deeply Charlie was moved when he wrote his poem:

'No flowers deck his resting place;
No marble marks the spot.'"

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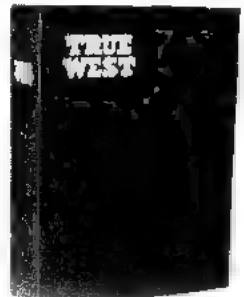

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MAJOR COLLINS'

Somewhere—just a day's hike from Tarryall Creek—is a place

NEARLY forty years ago there was a union strike in the Tri-State District that extends from Picher, Oklahoma to Joplin, Missouri. This went on for several weeks. The lead and zinc mines were shut down by the strikers, and things really got rough.

While trying to help look after things, it was necessary to be around the district night and day. For three weeks I was in Cardin, Oklahoma, near Picher. I never spent a night in bed. Sleeping dressed, ready to go, was the way. During those nights there were few places where you didn't have to watch behind you every minute. My favorite refuge was behind a high, locked fence at Producers Supply Company Warehouse. Major Collins was watchman there, and he would let me in to rest awhile where it was safe.

It was summer, and sometimes we sat in the door of the warehouse in the dark and talked. Major was an old, old friend and a good story teller. He was a great hunter and fisherman with an interesting life to talk about. One night he told about when he was young and single and working in Cripple Creek, Colorado when that camp was going strong. He never was quite clear about his job, but I suspect he was working in a saloon gambling joint.

During this time he got to know a prospector who worked alone in the mountains away from Cripple Creek. Every month or so this man would ride into town with his pack mule. Always he would have $3,000 or so in rich ore. He would sell his gold, then buy the supplies he needed, putting them at the stable where he kept his horse and mule. From that point on he lived it up, drinking and gambling till his money was gone. Then he would be off to the mountains again to get more gold. This went on for months and months.

The gold ore he brought was different from any the various miners knew. Experienced miners readily recognize ore from known veins, each having its own characteristics. Not one ever saw ore like the prospector had. It was a new strike wherever it was.

This man was experienced and cautious, taking care not to reveal any clue to his mine. Many times he was followed, but always he disappeared without a trace, always at the same place. His time of leaving Cripple Creek was always gauged in order to reach a high rock and bluff at sundown. This place was at the mouth of Tarryall Creek where it runs into the South Platte River just downstream from present Lake George, Colorado. There he would make camp for the night. Anyone following would stay some distance back and wait for daylight to follow him to the mine. When morning came, the prospector was gone, no track, no sign—as though he had vanished in thin air.

This sort of thing happened several times. Once a man followed the prospector in the snow, positive he couldn't hide his tracks. Our man knew he was followed, so he circled back and shot the trailer in the leg. The crippled man lived, but no one tried to follow in the snow again.

The facts about this miner and his trail to Tarryall became well known to the people of Cripple Creek. One day he came in as usual with his load of gold ore; as usual, he bought his supplies; as usual, he started drinking and playing poker. The poker game ended in

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection.

Bennett Avenue in Cripple Creek, Colorado around 1932.

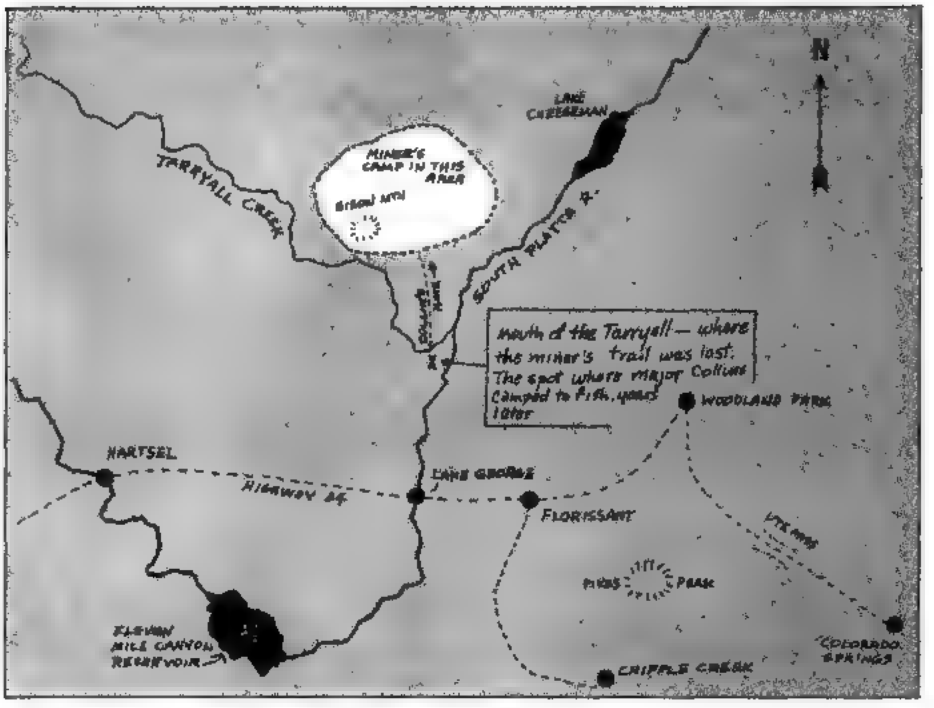
a gun fight, and our man was shot dead in his tracks. Nothing more was known of a rich mine where one man could dig $3,000 in ore in a month or so.

THIS is not quite the end of that prospector's story, though years elapsed before more was learned.

At this later time Major Collins had moved to Kansas City and was working in a factory where he had made friends with two other young men. All were single and without responsibilities. Major loved to fish and often told his friends about the fine trout fishing on the Tarryall in Colorado.

When summer came, the three decided to take their vacation together—fishing the Tarryall and South Platte. They camped at the very spot where our prospector had camped and vanished so many times long before.

As the days went by the fishermen caught so many fine trout they grew a little tired of fishing. Their time was getting short. Sitting by the campfire Major told what he knew about the lost mine and the prospector who camped where they now were. Not wanting to



LOST MINE

By DICK WILLS

Photos Courtesy Author

...here a man working alone averaged $100 a day in gold...

The day shift crew at the Ajax Mine in Cripple Creek, April 1938.

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fish more, they decided to try to find how the miner could have gotten away and left no tracks.

The face of the rock from the camp down to the Tarryall was too steep, it seemed, for pack animals, but it was possible for a man to work his way down that way. In the course of doing this they came to think that an *experienced* mountain man with mountain-trained pack animals might go down that way.

They crossed the Tarryall and climbed out on the far side. It was a steep climb up from the water, then they came out on a long, fairly smooth slope reaching far up to the more rugged part of the mountain. There was no plan other than to look at the country and speculate as to where the miner might have been going if he'd followed the same route they had. (The scenery here is beautiful and a wonderful place for a hike in the mountains.)

Other than pure guesswork there was no reason to believe the man actually came that way. Far up at the top of the long slope where they were, they saw a narrow, steep-walled canyon. He might have been going there, if he came that way at all. It was decided to spread out and walk toward that canyon, watching for any sign of a trail or whatever.

Before long, Major found a muleshoe. This was not particularly exciting as it could have been lost by any pack mule crossing that way. Yet someone *had been* that way, and perhaps the miner; and maybe he was going to that canyon. They spread out again and went on up the slope. After a while another muleshoe was found. The two shoes were on a line pointing to the narrow canyon. Apparently there had been enough mule travel toward that canyon that several had lost shoes from time to time.

They spread out and went on, finally coming to the canyon's mouth. Here they rested from the long walk up the slope and spent some time sitting on rocks, smoking. Major always smoked a pipe. When the others were ready to go on, Major was still smoking. They picked out a high, light-colored rock (Major said white) high up toward the head of the canyon. One was to go up each side of the canyon, and Major was to come up the middle, all meeting at the white rock. Major finished his pipe before going on.

Out in front of him was a huge boulder that in times past had rolled off the canyon wall and became buried in the ground. This boulder was in a leaning position so as to make a cave-like sheltered place underneath. Something suddenly moved back under this rock. Major was quite a woodsman; he wondered what small animal was there. Getting down on his knees he looked under to see. Major decided it was just a leaf blowing or some such thing and was about to turn away when he noticed what looked like a box of some kind.

CALLING out to his friends, together they crawled under and brought out a small locker-type chest. The chest contained the papers and letters of the mysterious miner killed years before in Cripple Creek!

Looking farther they found two old lard cans. One contained some dry beans, the other a lump of what had been part of a side of bacon. Beside the rock was a rather spongy place. Carefully digging into this they found it to be an old rotten tent and bedding. Beside the rock covered by an accumulation of pine needles and leaves they found his mining tools and a long rope with knots tied to help him in climbing up and down. But there was no actual clue to the mine location.

These men were out for a day's hike from their own camp and were not prepared to spend the night high on the mountain. Their vacation time was running out. Time would not allow a lengthy search. They took a quick look up the canyon and found no outward sign of a mine.

The three went back to their camp and agreed that what they had found would be kept secret, and that they would only come there together for a further search. Back they went to their jobs in Kansas City with a firm plan to spend their next vacation locating the lost mine.

One thing or another at each vacation prevented one or another of these men from being free to carry out their plan. Time went on. Finally, all three were married with families. Years and years went by, but they all held fast to their pledge about the mine. One of the men died. Much later, another died. There I sat with Major in the dark, listening to this secret.

Collins had recently learned that he was the only one left and was no longer bound by his word not to tell. His own old heart was past standing the effort and high altitude to ever go on his own. Knowing that I was experienced in that mountain country, he told me in the greatest detail possible the facts he knew.

I did know the Tarryall, South Platte and the mountains Major called "Red Sheep," shown on current maps as "Bison Mountain." The part of the mountain where Collins and his friends went is bounded on the south by Tarryall Creek and on the east by the South Platte River. Their hike up the mountain was on a line approximately northwest from the junction of the Tarryall and Platte.

Not long after our talk, I caught malaria and for several years didn't have enough power to step over a mole hill—much less to climb a mountain. I did get a topographical quadrangle map including that area, and studied the mountain from the contours. Several times I went on a Forest Service Road on the ridge east of the South Platte. Several places along this road are good vantage points to study this mountain with binoculars. There are three canyons fairly close together that are suspect. One almost has to be the right one to be within a day's hike from the mouth of the Tarryall. I have been to the campsite on the Tarryall and have seen where the miner disappeared and the Collins party camped years later.

There are several lost mine stories

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about this same mountain. The one called the Happy Jack Mine seems the best known locally. None fits Major Collins' facts. The story of Happy Jack and the Collins story are not the same.

At several ranches around the base of the mountain I tried to rent horses to go up on the mountain and camp for a real search. In each case the owners bluntly refused, saying they knew what I was after. Always, when the work was done in the fall, they were going up to find it themselves.

Collins is dead, and he told me of his experience forty years ago. I haven't made it up that mountain yet, but I do believe that somewhere within a short distance of that camp is a rich vein of gold.

Cherokee Bill's Brother

(Continued from page 17)

He had known Clarence Goldsby for years. It was a good horse. And Lee later got the horse back—somehow it was in the deal that he would get back his horse and saddle."

Langston says Goldsby rode about twenty-five miles away, into the hills near Hulbert, and later hid for several days at Naves' home south of Fort Gibson, and that Naves occasionally took the youth's mother to visit him and helped him with money needs.

Goldsby soon left the Indian country and stayed away—in Mexico, it is believed—until after Oklahoma statehood, then he returned to live for a time in Fort Gibson and finally went to St. Louis where he worked as a railroad pullman porter until he died of tuberculosis.

Today, a marker bears his name next to the grave of his brother in the small cemetery near Fort Gibson he had ridden past in flight that day after killing a man. Clarence Goldsby escaped punishment for his crime. But the man he killed violated a code—often more sacred than law on the frontier.

The Nash home as it appears today.

Snake Tales

(Continued from page 25)

society lady's little finger in a teacup session. He'll usually take the smoothest path so his rattles don't track in the dirt. Meandering around at night he might shy off a ground rope because, just like a drift fence, it was something he had to lift himself over to cross. But as far as stopping him—a rope sure wouldn't stop him if it blocked the way he had made up his mind to go.

Old Tex offered to bet a bottle of rye against a bottle of store beer that he could shoot the head off Mr. Rattler while looking the other way. He had a couple of callers on that and did handicap himself to one shot. But even that one shot was a cinch bet for Tex.

There's a lot of range savvy both ways on how a rattler hears, but there's no argument ground about the way he sees. A rattler can see only the way his nose is pointed. His eyes don't move in their sockets like a critter's. If a rattler wants to look up he has to lift and angle his whole head, and if he wants to see to the side he has to turn his whole head. On top of that, old range hands will tell you that a rattler can't see much farther than a couple of times his own length. That is why a rattler will always point his nose and set his eyes on the object nearest to him. That is also why he won't strike unless the object he's holding on point, moves or makes a noise.

If you should step in alongside a coiled rattler and he didn't strike while your boot was coming down, you could stand there all day, and unless your boot squeaked or your spur jingled, Mr. Rattler would merely hold to his nose point.

Try this for size sometime if you run across a stray rattler. Throw your hat in alongside him. He may strike as your hat comes in, but once the hat lies there motionless on the ground, he ignores it. Course that doesn't satisfy the argument that some kind of a heat sensitiveness in a rattler's nose causes him to strike when anything warm comes near him, but that one is hard to swallow if you've ever seen a coiled diamondback strike at a dangled bridle rein.

Holding point was the trick in Tex's sure-shot bet. Tex moved in on Mr. Rattler just outside of striking range. Then he reached out and pointed his .45 down. Mr. Rattler caught the motion of the leveled gun and pointed his nose toward the part nearest to him, the gun muzzle.

Tex looked the other way a second, then pulled the trigger. The snake's head disappeared. He had held head point on Tex's .45's muzzle.

Try that on any snake—bull snake, water or garter snake. They will all usually coil if cornered. Take your youngster's air rifle and point it down at your coiled snake. That snake will aim at the air rifle muzzle. All you have to do is pull the trigger.

About striking distance—that's another fighting question with a lot of range hands. Most old-timers say a snake can strike two-thirds its length out and one-third its length up, but don't go depending on those measurements. There's nothing sure on a rattler's striking just once, or from what position he will strike. The little prairie rattler is the worst for that. He strikes like a sidewinder from any position. All he has to do is have a few bends in his body and he can whip himself out his length in any direction. A rattler with his dander up can get so mad he will strike out like a bullet, and the force of his strike will carry him again his length.

ONE summer early in August the rattlers for some reason began moving in on the home range back yard. They were under the bunkhouse and under the cook shack. No one was meandering around after dark without a light in his hand and his boots on his feet.

Old Andy, the home ranch cook, nearly got nicked by one, a diamondback that got into a flower bucket Andy'd been nursing alongside the cook house. That afternoon old Sioux Jack, the Circle K trail boss rode to one of the sodbuster outfits out on the prairie and came back with a big purring mama cat. All the hands started to "kitty kitty" the animal, but orders were to leave the cat alone as it had been brought in to ride herd on the rattlers.

Next morning we had our first demonstration. A couple of the hands had a team of horses hitched to a stone boat and were loading up fence posts in a batch of pigweeds alongside the haybarn. All of a sudden they spotted our mama cat going through a lot of fancy movements like a dancer in tights. Kitty would bounce in and slug out with her paw, then bounce back. The two hands went over to learn what was happening. Kitty had a rattler as big around as herself cornered, and was teasing it until Mr. Rattler had just about worn out his buzzer. The rattler would strike and kitty would jump clear, giving him the side of her paw in the spar.

We were still watching when old Andy came out of the cook house on the run with a long-handled shovel. He made quick work of the rattler. It was the fourth one the cat had gotten that day, Andy said.

Another thing a rattlesnake always steers clear of is ants. If you are ever in snake country and feel squeamish about bedding down, make camp near an anthill. A snake will shy as far away from an ant hill as a colt from a loaded clothesline.

One time we began losing calves at a salt lick we had just set up at a scab-rock ledge just above a little wild sweet clover patch. Every day for a week we would find a dead calf, sometimes still kicking, sometimes barely breathing, with its tongue swollen as big as its mama's. We put out a watch and found we had set up our salt lick on a scab-rock ledge that a den of rattlers was using for a sun porch. The infant critters took the coiled rattlers for a hunk of rock salt, and Mr. Rattler was sinking his fangs in their tongues.

The old man was for moving the whole calf nursery out of there when old Tex suggested an ant hill. We took a stone boat and with a half-dozen pitchforks loaded a fair-sized hill of ants

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onto the skid and saddle-dragged it to the rock ledge. Things started happening fast. The ants were in a nasty mood from being moved and the first rattler that attempted to pass the ledge was a gone goose. The ants swarmed over him like bees swarming out of a hive. Mr. Rattler stretched out and tried to roll like a spinning log, but he was too slow. In a few minutes the whole anthill population was on him from the outside and inside. In a few more minutes you couldn't see Mr. Rattler because of the ants. It sort of gave you the shivers inside, just watching.

ANOTHER rattlesnake spooker is hogs or sheep. To hogs a rattlesnake is a tasty biscuit, like a juicy worm to a spring robin. Mr. Hog is immune to a rattler's fangs because of his fat upholstering. He ruts a rattler out of a coil just like he was a tender turnip.

One fall a homesteader moved in down by Moses Coulee and during the winter months threw up a fair size chicken house with a wire fence along a niche in the coulee wall. It was spring before the sodbuster learned he'd fenced off a rattlesnake glory hole. The rattlers were thicker in his chicken pen than sage ticks on a jackrabbit's back.

The homesteader was about ready to toss in some dynamite—or brush-fire the chicken yard, building and all—when a neighbor gave him the hungry-hog recipe. The homesteader got ahold of a sow and her litter and moved them into his chick corral. In a few days the rattlers had disappeared like blowsand in a cloudburst.

Sheep will do the same thing, only sheep trample the rattlers to death. That's why you always see a sheepherder on the uphill side of his flock. If any rattlers are in the neighborhood, the second they pick up the trample thump of the flock's feet, they start making tracks the fastest way downhill.

One summer we were doing some wagon road work on a hillside above a small hay meadow. We had cut away a pretty good-sized stretch of bank to make a grade, and the grade slope was steep. About noon while we were all taking it easy in the shade of the slope, a bunch of sheep, headed for summer mountain range, moved along the hillside above us. By the time the herd got even with our cut, the rattlers were pouring over the edge like nightcrawlers over a garden curb. We killed about twenty before all of the sheep passed, and Lord knows how many the sharp-hoofed bleaters got at the same time.

Snakes are born home-range lovers, except sometimes in late summer they sort of get the wanderlust. Then anything can happen. On open range one scab-rock canyon may be alive with rattlers and a few hundred yards on, a second canyon will go year in and year out without a snake sign. Come late summer, though, and you don't even depend on your own back yard if you're in real snake country.

Some say Mr. Rattler goes blind in August and doesn't know where he's going. Others say he's on the prowl for a mate or looking for a piece of cooler, damper ground. Indians say late summer is skin-shedding time and when he's shedding, he wanders. I don't know the answer for a fact, but I do know in late summer it's smart for folks in snake country to wear boots, carry a long stick, and keep their eyes peeled.

FOR a dude outfit, those late summer months are worry months. City folks think once they pass the corral gate all the range caution advice handed them is put-on. They'll reach into baled hay, poke under a fence pile, or walk up to a rock ledge with no thought of what could be coiled there. I've even caught city guests reaching down a gopher hole that Mr. Gopher himself has given up because of belly-crawling guests. (What he was reaching for, the guest didn't bother to say after we pointed out to him the chances he was taking.)

But of all the ways of ridding an area of rattlers, none can compare with a quick ground fire. Over Saltese way, there was a dude outfit that was doing good until a youngster wandered up a scab-rock canyon wildflower hunting, and got nicked on the leg by a little prairie rattler. They were thick up that canyon, but Old Man Reimer, who owned the outfit, never figured on any guest going up the bleak, narrow rock alley hunting wildflowers.

Reimer knew he had to do something and do it fast. He was snake-wise enough to know just what to do. He had the boys take a ground-breaking plow to the rim of the canyon and plow up a wide firebreak completely around the canyon rim. Then he tossed in plenty of sagebrush and tumbleweed to create an up-canyon draft and set a hot fire at the base of the canyon. The fire went up that scab-rock draw like a crown fire up a cedar ridge. In a few minutes the whole inside of the canyon was a blaze of leaping tongues of flame until it hit the plowed firebreak. The ranch hands there kept any sparks from jumping the break. In a few hours the hazard was over.

That was several years ago. Today Reimer has a standing offer of ten bucks for any guest that can prove he's even heard a rattler buzz in that canyon. That fire cleared out the canyon completely and permanently.

Old-timers seem to agree that the rattler population in some parts of the West is on the fade. Too much civilization is the answer. Too many big dams flooding out too much river-shore snake country.

The Snake River squirms from Wyoming, down through Idaho, then sidewinds north through Oregon and Idaho into Washington. It might have been named from its snake-like course, but its scab-rock shore line has always been real snake country. Now with new dams going in at a half dozen places, backing up water fifty to a hundred feet deep and reservoirs covering shore lines a half-mile back, everything is changing. When a snake doesn't like what's going on around him, he heads for new ground. That's what's happening down along the Columbia and Snake Rivers. Blasting, earth-moving rigs, and just people, are driving the snakes to new country.

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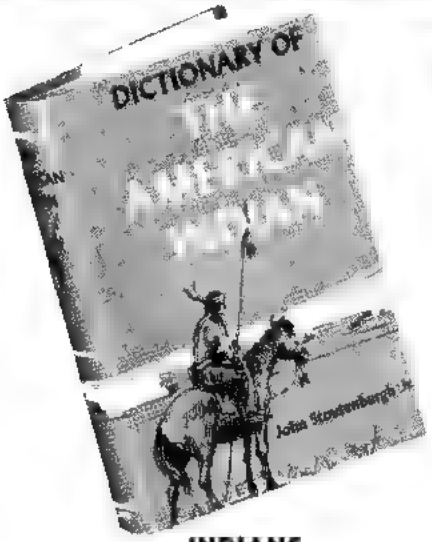

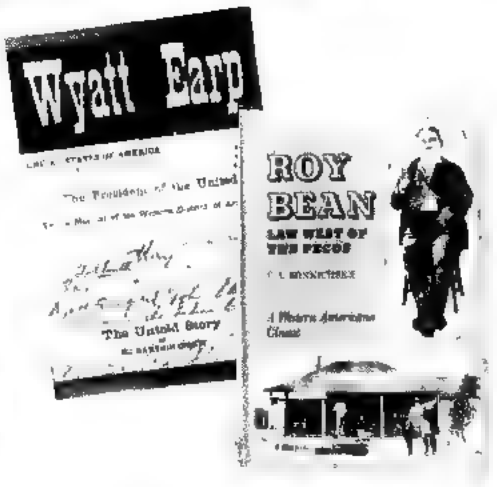

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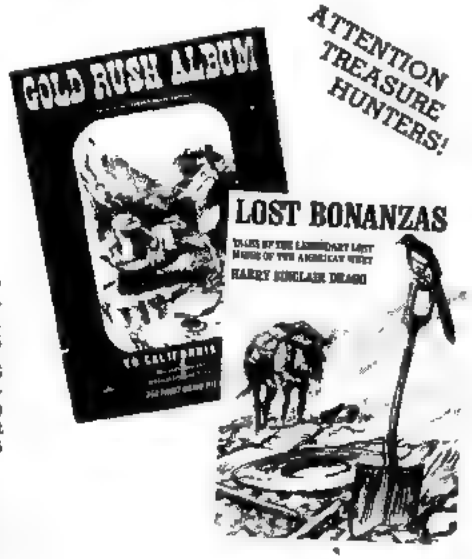

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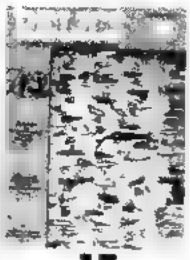
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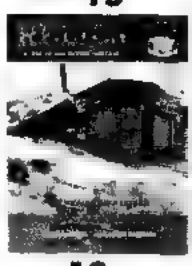
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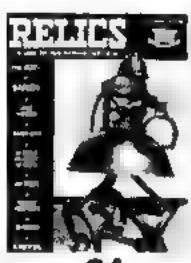

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On the Columbia, while the Corps of Engineers was digging for bedrock for the John Day Dam, they had to post out-of-bounds snake signs. Folks respected those warning signs, too. The blasting sort of drove the rattlesnake population loco, and they were squirming under anything that offered cover, including parked tourist cars.

In primitive area country a scattered trail party can mean a heap more than just trail trouble. Even an old-timer, if he doesn't spot his signs going in, sometimes gets sorta mixed up in those timbered box canyons. Count in a few ornery timberline bears, sink holes, snakes, and trail stretches where a whole mountain ledge is just waiting for someone to drag a spur to start sliding out from under or down on you, and you've got a few of the reasons why a trail boss for a dude outfit rates bonus pay along with his gray hairs.

A Highwayman's Gold Bars

(Continued from page 13)

shipped to the United States. Little precaution was taken to guard the wagon shipments from Camp McKinney. Perhaps company officials, most of whom were Americans, believed that "stern British justice" made such tranfers safe in Canada.

On August 18, 1896 a saddle bag containing more than 600 ounces in gold bars lay in the wagon as George B. McAulay of Spokane, a company stockholder, climbed up to the driver's seat, flipped the reins on the horses' flanks and shouted for the team to start another of those jolting trips to Midway.

About fifteen minutes after he had left the camp, McAulay reined in the horses abruptly at the sight of a masked man standing in the dusty road, pointing a menacing rifle in the direction of the gold wagon. Without argument, McAulay threw out the saddle bag containing the gold and whipped up the horses.

A few hours later, Constables Dinsmore and McMynn of the British Columbia Provincial Police (this force later was merged with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police) were searching the scene of the holdup, but aside from picking up the empty saddle bags and two whiskey bottles, also empty, they discovered no clues.

Company officials posted a $3,500 reward which, ironically, was not claimed by the anonymous drifter who broke the case. The tip came in an unsigned letter postmarked Rossland, British Columbia. The writer declared that he had read about the robbery in a newspaper and was in possession of information that should be known to police.

The previous May, he added, he had been in Oroville, Washington, a few miles south of the Canadian border. He added that over a drink in an Oroville saloon a chance acquaintance who introduced himself as Matt Roderick had suggested that they "go up to Canada and knock off that Camp McKinney gold wagon."

The letter writer admitted that he had crossed the border in the company of Roderick intending to join him in the gold robbery, but they quarreled and parted company. Roderick went to work at Camp McKinney; his companion kept traveling until he reached Rossland.

Company payroll records disclosed that a Matt Roderick had indeed been working at Camp McKinney at the time of the robbery, that on the day of the holdup he had reported himself ill and announced that he intended to spend the day in his cabin. The records also showed that several days later he had quit his job, giving poor health as the reason.

A stagecoach driver who remembered Roderick told authorities that the man had left carrying only a small amount of luggage, nothing as heavy as gold bars. Police, who investigated the driver's background, found him completely trustworthy.

Since the robber did not have an accomplice, he must have hidden the gold somewhere in the nearby mountains. So reasoned lawmen who placed the region under surveillance in the expectation that the gold would draw the gunman back to the scene.

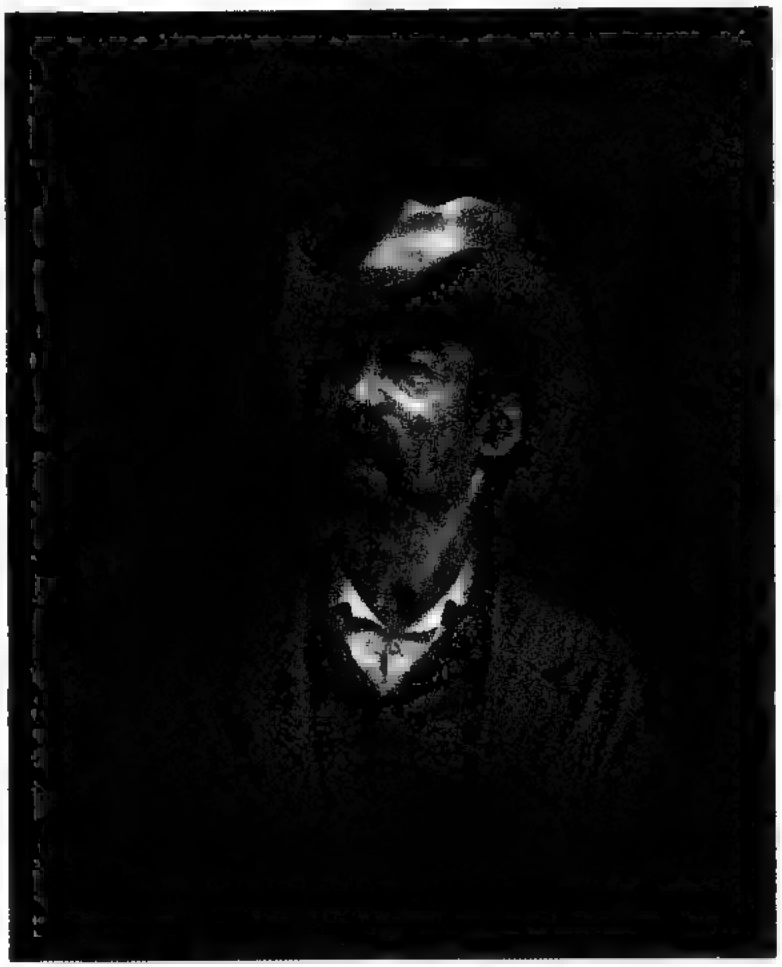
On the afternoon of October 26, 1896 word reached mine officials that a stranger riding a grey horse had crossed the international border heading north. Two mine company men, R. W. Deans and Joseph Keane, grabbed rifles and set out to look for the horseman.

Darkness comes early in British Columbia in late autumn and only a half-light remained when the self-appointed vigilantes spied a figure on horseback. The two apparently became trigger-happy, for each fired a shot, claiming he was about to be fired on by the mounted figure. The horseman fell from his mount and died in the dirt, victim of a gaping bullet wound. The dead man was Roderick.

Shocked by American-style gunplay in Canada, British Columbia authorities filed a manslaughter charge against the man who fired the fatal shot, but nothing in the courtroom testimony shed light on the whereabouts of the stolen gold.

Some residents of the region are convinced the precious bars still lie hidden somewhere along the old stagecoach road between the ruins of Camp McKinney and McMynn's Meadows.

"Boy! Do you need scalping!"



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Wild Old Days!

THE UNFORGETTABLE TRAMP

By Eva Meschke

WHAT venturesome soul would choose to hike from the southern tier of states to Minnesota each spring and back each fall, over unimproved roads, with the sun as compass and time-piece? Walter Moses could not be called a bum because he worked to secure the bare necessities of life. His refusal of even short rides proffered by farmers, traveling in a lumber wagon or buggy going his direction, automatically classified him as a tramp. His few possessions were carried in an old sack attached to a stick, and slung over his shoulder. His clothing consisted of a straw hat, chambray shirt, bib overalls, and well worn work shoes. Whichever farm Walter chose as his first stopping place in the area of Rice County called Matteson Hill, alerted the whole neighborhood by telephone or barefoot messenger boy. Similar to the relay race of Paul Revere was our neighborhood reaction to the spring arrival of Walter Moses. Walter was a harmless many-faceted man of unknown age. His arrival in the vicinity of his birth each spring was as unassuming and sure as the arrival of Jenny Wren at last year's nest in your plum tree.

Whichever family he chose to visit first automatically entered into a maj scrub-up job. The lady of the hou usually participated in phase one of th process. The family's largest washtu was filled with warm water and carri to a secluded corner of the machine she or hayloft. A large bar of the best di infectant of that day (homemade lau dry soap) was selected, along with large, clean rag which was rough enoug to be effective. Overalls, shirt, and wor socks filched from her husband's ward robe were laid within reach of the tul

The lady of the house shampooed Wal ter's head of long matted hair in th tub of water, with extravagant use o laundry soap. He was then instructed t strip, place his dirty clothes in a pil climb into the tub and really scrub him self with plenty of soap. The lady the made a hasty retreat.

After Walter emerged, decked out i his borrowed outfit, his own dirty clothe were dropped into a tub of soapy ho water and left to soak a few hours. A I look back, I see no reason for thi hasty action except to exterminate any crawling insects by the drowning method

Walter was now ready for his rich reward which consisted of a heaping plateful of any food available. He wasn't a fussy eater—just a hearty one. To him, a plate piled high with fried potatoes with a few fried eggs draped over the top, and a glass of milk, was a true sign of hospitality. Any invitation to eat at the kitchen table was hastily refused with a grateful, "No, Ma'am, but thank you. I'd rather have my hand-out on the back step." In rainy weather he chose to eat in the haymow.

Walter Moses on the move.

PHASE TWO of the cleanup job took place about sundown, after the evening chores. A box was up-ended in the yard for Walter to sit upon. The man of the home needed the largest pair of sewing scissors available, a pair of hand clippers, and much patience. Walter was shorn, then handed a mirror so he could admire the results of united family effort.

Walter was allowed to choose the softest spot in the hayloft as a bed because he didn't smoke; neither did he drink or swear. He was a rawboned man, medium in stature, and soft-spoken. All summer he tramped from farm to farm in that thickly populated community, seeking whatever work was available. He wasn't the most dependable hired hand to be found, but in return he asked little. A bed of hay, his hand-out, and his standard wage of two bits a day in nickels met all of his needs. His only luxury was a package of Bull Durham chewing tobacco.

Walter Moses dramatized his songs with much gesturing. This photo caught Walter in the middle of his "act."

Singing was one talent in which Walter's sense of humor shone forth. His trek from the southern states to Minnesota each spring, and back each fall, made him a student of nature and a walking album of folksongs. On summer evenings, after he had rested under the trees, we kids often congregated around him by family, or in a neighborhood group. We made ourselves comfortable by sitting cross-legged or lying in a semi-circle while Walter entertained us. An occasional cheer from the youthful audience encouraged animated rendition of his best numbers.

Those were the days of large threshing crews who congregated in the shade after a hearty meal to let their dinner settle. One man would soon speak for the group.

"Hey, Walter! How about singing a few songs?"

Walter immediately sprang into action as though he had been waiting for the invitation. When it was about time to go back to work, another farmer would call out, "Now sing 'I Drink My Lager Beer!' Here's two bits." As the coin landed at Walter's feet, he swung into his favorite song, amid good-natured cheering from the rested crew.

At other times he chose to preach. Without use of words he seemed to be able to project the solemnity of the occasion by the manner in which he opened his New Testament. Being a poor reader, he usually quoted scripture which he had laboriously memorized, in his gentle-voiced manner. Sometimes it was a few verses, and sometimes long passages interspersed with a few words of simple explanation. The sermon which followed was full of biblical truth. Recently I heard an elderly man, who had been a member of those informal congregations, make the statement, "Walter Moses could hardly read but he preached some pretty good sermons, by gum!"

After threshing season we would wake up one morning to find Walter's bed empty. Telephones in the neighborhood rang until we were certain Walter had not just shifted sleeping quarters, but had started his trek south with the robins and wrens.

Walter Moses will always be remembered as a colorful character who passed from our lives with the coming of tractor-drawn machinery. One spring Walter just didn't show up at Matteson Hill. That spring seemed as dull and barren as an untrimmed Christmas tree after it has served its purpose. Those who knew him remember Walter with a bit of nostalgia, and assume he passed away as quietly and simply as he had lived.

ADELINE BOYCE

By Frederica Burt Wyatt

"The best part of your lunch is in the bottom of the basket, Rube." With those words, Addie Boyce defied the law but earned a reputation of being a woman who stood by her man.

In early 1879 near Junction City, Texas Reuben Boyce was arrested by Texas Rangers who subsequently charged him and three other men, Role and Dell Dublin and Mack Potter, with a series of robberies of Peg Leg Station, a remote stage post in Menard County.

The robberies all occurred under cover of night, and no one could positively identify those involved in the incidents. The Dublin brothers and Potter, however, pled guilty and were sentenced to fifteen years of hard labor. Continuing to assert his innocence, Boyce was lodged in the Travis County jail at Austin to await trial.

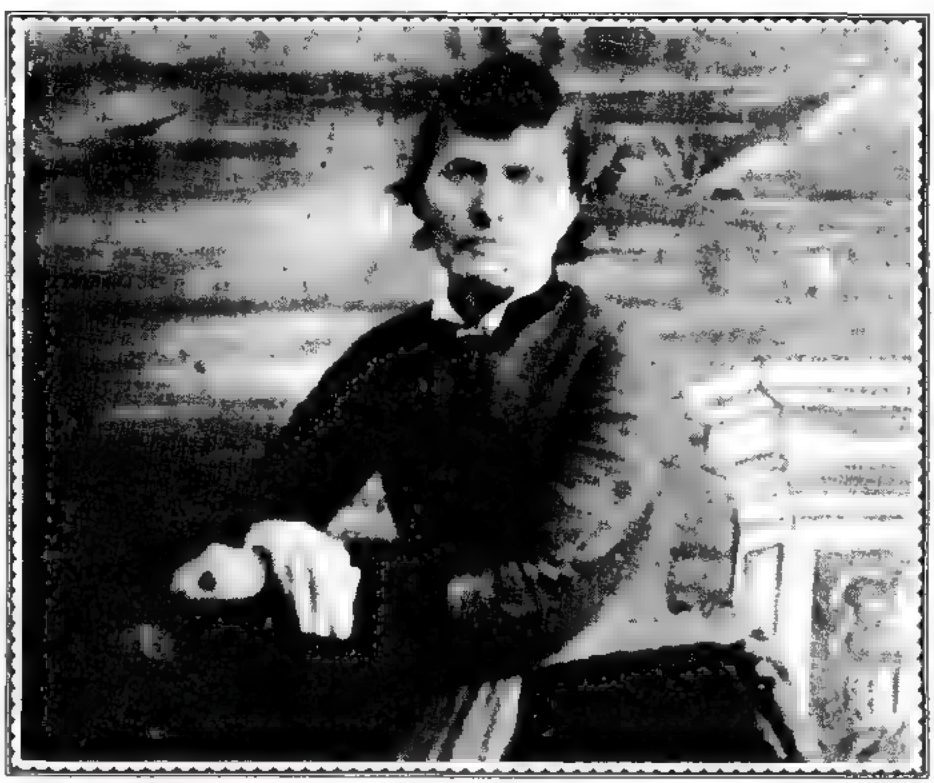
Rube was a member of a large and respected family, but he already had one mark against him. The previous year he had shot and killed his sister's husband, Bob Anderson, in a dispute over cattle. His callous remark following the killing was "another damn Scotchman gone to hell."

Addie Boyce feared the cards were stacked against Rube. She felt that he could easily be convicted on circumstantial evidence in the Peg Leg cases. With stubborn determination she connived a daring plan to aid in his escape from jail. Rube was a model prisoner, and Addie, being above suspicion, was allowed to visit him often.

ADELINE Pearl Boyce was born in London, Kentucky in 1852 and had traveled overland to Burnet County, Texas with her family at the age of eight. Sixteen years later the Pearl family settled in the untamed portion of the state known as Kimble County. The violence of the war years and Reconstruction era had left their mark on Addie, and she was courageous and un-

(Continued on page 53)

Adeline Pearl Boyce, a key figure in an 1879 Austin, Texas jail-break.



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inted as she made plans for a sensational and spectacular jail break.

She concealed a big .45 Colt revolver neath the clean undergarments and me-cooked food that she took to her sband on the eventful morning. Addie s admitted into jail as usual. Follow- her allotted time, she prepared to ve, with Rube following her down the ridor.

The jailer, Albert Nichols, politely ened the door for her, and then re- ived the shock of his life. Rube thrust e pistol in Nichols' face, and Addie lmly said, "Drop your gun, Mr. Nich-, or you're a dead man." Nichols opped his pistol to the floor, and Rube rriedly locked the jailer inside the ll.

Addie had tied a horse nearby for her sband's getaway. As Rube galloped it of Austin, he fired several menacing ots into the air. His destination was ocorro, New Mexico, where he lived ntil his capture about three years ter.

When finally brought to trial for his lleged part in the Peg Leg stage rob- eries, Rube was acquitted. Addie oyce's courage and faith in her bus- and's innocence had paid off.

ONE OF THE BAD UNS

By Rufus L. Porter

THERE once was a genuine badman type who operated up and down the rkansas Valley from California Gulch Oro, later to become Leadville) to Pu- blo, Colorado and back again. He was al- ways ready to shoot a man and nobody eems to have kept a record of how nany he had killed, nor did they know ow many he had killed in other parts f the West.

His name was Charlie Dodge which, he Binckley-Hartwell history says, 'was probably one of several aliases." He was already a fugitive from justice n Wisconsin, with a $2,500 price on his ead. "His career was marked while here by the same bold crimes that drove him out a vagabond with the marks of Cain upon his brow.

"He was first known in the summer of 1860, in California Gulch, as a three-card monte dealer and like sportive games, enforcing his will, as his victims 'weakened' before the ever ready six-shooter on the table before his hand."

But it seems that during the winter of 1861-'62, he went after bigger game. He and one of his partners in crime trailed a man named Noble, who had made a stake in the Gulch and was heading back home to the States. Dodge and his companion trailed Noble to a place fifteen miles below Cañon City where he had camped in a deserted cabin for the night.

The wary Noble wasn't wary enough, for he was sleeping on his guns. The surprise was so sudden that he had no time for defense. Noble was bound and "hung like a dog" to the nearest tree. Then he was tied with a lariat to a saddle horn and dragged by the neck to a wash-out half a mile away from the cabin and thrown in the ditch and partially covered with stones and brush. The murderers found several thousand dollars' worth of Noble's gold and headed for Pueblo, but Dodge must have killed his partner on the way, because he isn't mentioned again.

Dodge arrived in Pueblo with a big poke of gold and proceeded to spend it in a lavish manner. While there he shot a constable named Taos for "insulting him by asking for a cup of coffee." (The constable should have ordered whiskey.)

BACK in the gold fields in 1862, Dodge jumped the claim of a miner named Fred Lentz, who was temporarily absent, and sold it to another man. When Lentz returned, the other man refused to budge and Lentz went to the People's Court in Pueblo with his problem. (There was no law as yet in Colorado, and People's Courts meted out justice, each after its own fashion. But crooks were usually hanged after a short trial.) Lentz laid his claim before the Claim Club, and with four men started back to take possession of his jumped claim.

On his arrival, he met Dodge with a "friend" named Berceaw, who claimed Lentz as his prisoner. Lentz held his hands aloft to prove he wasn't armed and Dodge rode behind him and shot him five times in the back.

His friends raised the dying man up and he said, "Charlie, I call that taking advantage of a man."

Dodge remarked, "Think I hurt you much, Fred? Well, die like a man." Which he did after telling a friend the name and address of his father in Cedar County, Iowa.

But this was one instance when the People's Court was afraid to mete out justice to a ruthless killer. Dodge and Berceaw "gave themselves up" in Pueblo. Dodge was charged with three murders, but no one was willing to vote "guilty," and he went free. He had kept his guns handy during the trial.

Later that year the first judicial court was established in Pueblo and Dodge was indicted for the murders; but he was in Montgomery, a gold camp in Park County (where Colorado Springs' Montgomery Dam now is) and only one man had guts enough to go after him. This man Evans was on "good terms" with Dodge and when he found him, let him get away.

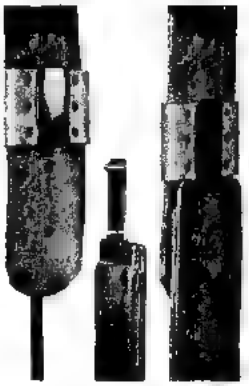
In 1863, Charlie Dodge died at Fort Hall, Washington Territory of smallpox. He was one of the few bad uns that didn't die with his boots on—and he probably thought it was a "hell of a way for a gunman to die."

Sam Butler—Cowboy Lawman

(Continued from page 12)

Roswell and lived at the Wisely and Walter Ryan homes until his final illness. He was then, sad to say, confined for a long time in hospitals.

Butler finally reached the end of the long trail which he had followed for over half a century. The Roswell *Daily Record* of April 6, 1949 contained this item: "Sam Butler, 83, well known New Mexico rancher died yesterday, April 5, after a long illness. Mr. Butler was one of the West's most colorful ranchers and was



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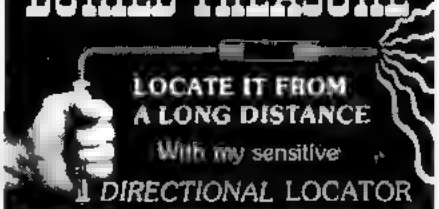

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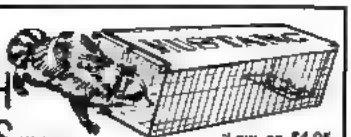

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When Dexter, New Mexico celebrated its 35th anniversary in 1940, Sam Butler received special recognition for being one of its oldest citizens.

well known and highly respected by stockmen of the Southwest." He was buried in South Park Cemetery April 10, 1949.

Sam Butler's era has passed away forever except in the movies and stories. The cattle drive gives way to the cattle truck. The branding chute replaces the branding corral. Even the saddle horse in a trailer passes you at high speed on the highway as if to say, "This beats hoofing it." The romance of the cattle business finished with barb wire and the end of the public range. It is the way of life.

To the legions of people who knew him in past years, Sam Butler will return many times and live with them again in the world of memory. So in the New Mexico way we say, *"Adios Amigo, Vaya Con Dios."*

Cry of the Death Bird

(Continued from page 5)

Just before dark, as I was riding along the crest of a ridge, I saw what looked like the bobbing up and down of an Indian's head among the hills to my left—getting only a glimpse of it before it disappeared. This made me anxious to reach the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where the timber would be a protection in case of attack. I continued to scan the hills to my left, but saw nothing more of the supposed Indian, though there might have been a band of them on the north side of the ridge without my knowing it.

Entering the timber of Clear Fork, I felt more secure. It soon grew very dark in those dense woods, and as I feared to travel at night I decided to stay there until daylight. There was no moon and the sky was heavily overcast. Getting well into the timber, I crossed the stream, turned back toward the north and away from the river. After going some 500 yards I veered sharply to the right, and found a narrow valley, with high banks, sheltered by drooping limbs of trees and overhanging vines. Here I staked out my horse and rubbed his leg for a while. Then I took the saddle, blanket, rifle and six-shooter and lay down at the foot of a large post oak with wide spreading branches. The night was warm; the sky became blacker and blacker, and the sound of distant thunder reached my ears at intervals. I drew my slicker over my shoulders and across my rifle and six-shooter and went to sleep.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT, I was awakened by thunder and occasional flashes of lightning. There was a feeling of deep uneasiness in my heart, as though something else had helped to wake me. Almost immediately I heard the hooting of an owl up the river a hundred yards or so. Three times I heard it. At first I paid no heed to it, but the next time I noted it more intently and thought it sounded unnatural. The third time I felt this more strongly. I knew it was a habit of Indians to imitate the hoot of an owl or howl of a wolf as a signal to others of their band when they were creeping upon white men from different directions.

Not more than a minute after I heard the owl the third time I heard another over to the east of me. I lay still, listening for a repetition of the sound, that I might tell if possible whether it were really an owl. The lightning occasionally flamed in zigzags across the black sky. I must have waited half an hour, straining my eyes every time the lightning flashed, when all at once I heard the scream of the death bird overhead. From the sound of its cry it seemed to have been sitting on one of the topmost limbs, and cried as it started to fly away, as I could tell by the long drawn out wailing sound.

Immediately after this cry, a flash of lightning filled the whole river bottom with a white blinding light, and I expected every second to receive a shower of arrows in my body from some band of lurking savages, but the light faded and the same intense darkness succeeded.

Hastily placing my blanket and slicker on top of my saddle, so as to look like a man, I made sure that my six-shooter was safely in its belt; then hugging my rifle to my bosom, I rolled noiselessly away from the tree down the slight decline of the valley to the south in the opposite direction from which I had heard the first owl. Whenever a flash of lightning came I stopped and remained perfectly still until darkness came again. In this way I got perhaps 100 feet from the tree; then I stopped, turned my head so as to watch both directions from which I had heard the hooting of the owls, and waited.

Almost before I had stopped rolling I heard a low whinny from my horse. This surprised me, for during the six years I had ridden him I had never known him to do such a thing before. A Ranger's horse seems to know instinctively that it must be quiet when its master is camped at night in dangerous territory. So I strained my eyes harder than ever in that direction, waiting for the next flash of lightning to show me some new danger; but the next flash came and I saw nothing.

A minute after I got into my new position there came a vivid flash and I barely made out some dark object beyond my horse. It was too indistinct to risk a shot at, as the flash of my rifle would disclose my position to the Indians if they were near. I glued my eyes on this object—intending to watch it very closely the next time the lightning came. Then the flash came and simultaneously I heard the sharp twang of a bow string followed by the thud of an arrow as struck my saddle under the tree.

The next second, before the flash di out, I heard the twang of another b string, equally strong, somewhat in t direction of the dark object I had notic out beyond my horse, and immediately t death yell of an Indian just north of t tree under which I had been lying. heard him groan several times, more a more feebly. Still I saw nothing to sho at. The fact that one Indian had sh another Indian filled me with wonder.

I was now anxious to get close to m horse, and while debating what was be to do, I again heard a gentle whinny fro him, followed by a very low whistle whi well nigh brought me to my feet. To r other human being could that whistle b long except to Indian Jim. I gave a lo whistle. No answer. I then began t crawl in the direction during periods c darkness and finally reached him whe he lay a little distance from my hors just where I had seen the dark object— for it was really Indian Jim lying ther in the bushes, and yet I had been onl waiting for the next flash of lightning t shoot him, had the twang of the bow string not stopped me. After a close hand clasp we lay still as death for more tha an hour, waiting and watching for sign of hostile Indians. Then in low whisper he told me that he had reached the rive late that night and had accidentally se lected this place to camp, without know ing I was there. It was the sight of In dian Jim that caused my horse to whinn so unexpectedly. We spent the remainde of the night there in the bushes, fearin to move lest there might be more In dians near.

At daylight we walked in the direc tion from which we had heard the In dian yell and found a big Comanche with Jim's arrow sticking through his chest from front to back. Examining the dummy I left under the tree, we found the Comanche's arrow had gone clean through the heavy slicker and two folds of blanket and had embedded itself deep into my saddle—a shot that would certainly have killed me if I had not been warned by the death bird in time to move. It was the Comanche who had hooted first, hoping some of his tribe might be near; but instead he had received an answer from Indian Jim.

NOW here is old Hosstail again. This story sort of gives me the creeps in a way. I have a complete feeling that it is absolutely true. When you read as many thousands of stories as I do and, as the other editors in this company do, you get a sort of feeling and you can just about pick out the frauds from the factual ones almost every time. We do not depend altogether on this "intuition" however, in accepting stories for TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. When a mistake gets by, it isn't because we didn't try to check it out.

Well, that's about all for this time. I just read in the paper where it said that country people lived longer than city folk because they used their own medicines which consisted of roots, herbs, and other natural remedies. It said that these were mostly preventive and I gathered that they also were sold on the idea that it is a heckuva better idea to prevent than to try and cure after you get hydrophobia or some other minor ailment. See you later.—Hosstail.

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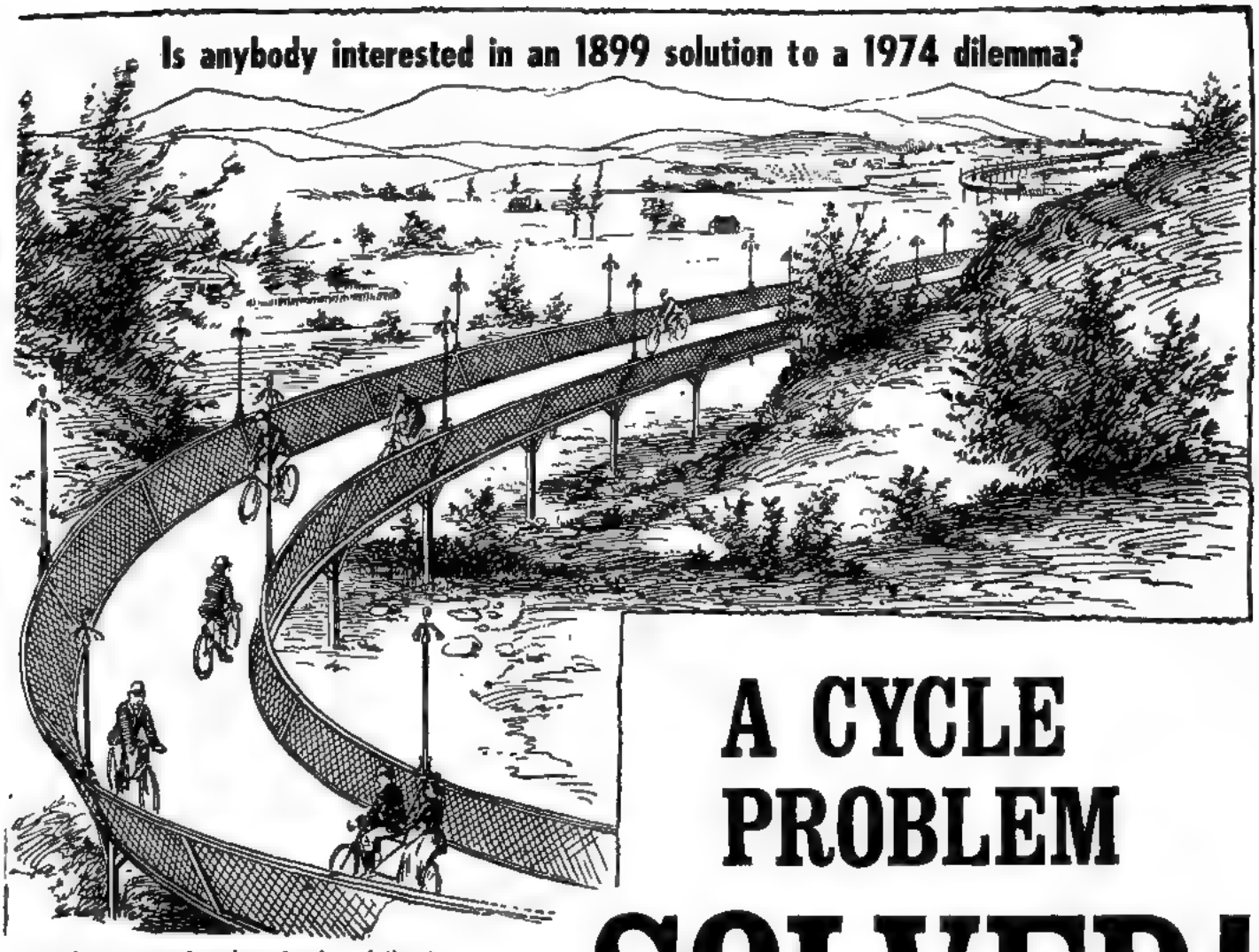
Is anybody interested in an 1899 solution to a 1974 dilemma?



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Horace M. Dobbins, President of California Cycleway Company.

THE problem of transportation between Los Angeles and her sister city, Pasadena, was not completely solved upon the consummation of the project which added a fourth link to the railroad chain which binds them. With three steam railways and one rapid transit electric road in constant operation, there yet remains a large contingent of travelers who depend upon the bicycle as a means of locomotion, and who, for the sake of pleasure and exercise which the wheel offers, would fain use it more freely between the two cities.

At best, they find few enough roads in the vicinity that invite them forth to do and dare beyond a mere breathing spin. The prevailing bicycle path of Eastern towns is substantially an unknown factor in the Southern California sum of happiness contributed by the wheel. He must, perforce, labor over such highways as the carriage of the multitude and the traffic vehicle of the commercial world make common property. He must contend with their dust or be content to plod through their mud. He cannot escape their hills or circumvent their ravines. He is obliged to share these highways not only with pedestrians, horses, teams, dogs and fowls, but with the all-pervading streetcar and the frequent train.

The topography of the country and the unwisdom of our road-makers seems conjoined to mar the cyclist's happiness. He is not a well used individual, yet despite all disadvantages he thrives and multiplies mightily, so that in Los Angeles County alone his ranks have swelled to an aggregate af 30,000 at least. It is between this city and Pasadena that the wheelman feels most keenly the lack of good roads, for it is a favorite route of travel, as the passenger receipts of the four railways aforesaid testify.

(Continued on page 58)

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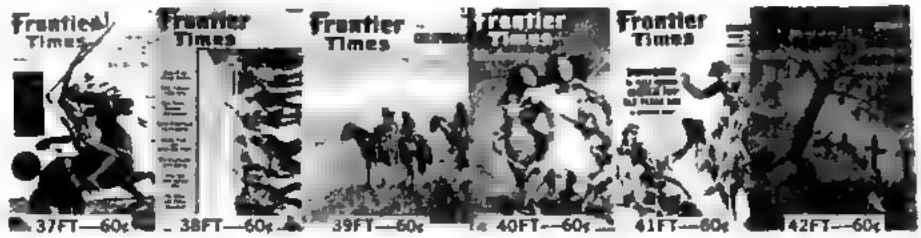

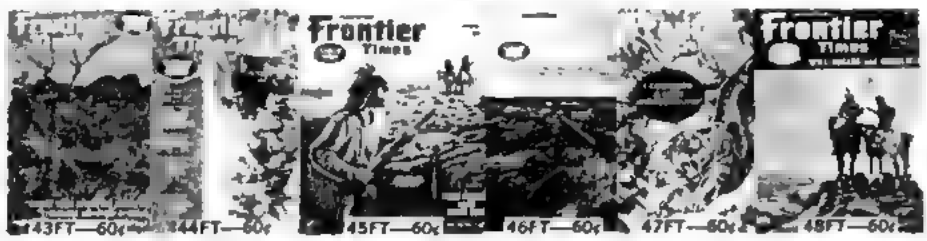

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Many devotees of the wheel make t trip for business or pleasure, but t discomforts mentioned above are poig antly felt, and the difference in altitu between the two places makes the nort ward wheeling veritably uphill work. must be regarded as fortunate that way is now opening for changing this and for ministering to the cyclis happiness in a novel, yet complete satisfactory manner. Grade and hills l ing obstacles that prevent the constru tion of an ordinary bicycle path wi promises of good results, an elabora frame cycleway has been devised by t genius who is always ready for eme gencies. In this case he is found in th person of Mr. Horace M. Dobbins Pasadena, president of the Californi Cycleway Co., and originator of the pla of connecting the two cities by a stru ture that shall be for the exclusive us of the wheel.

This plan seems to be so far ad vanced to a practical realization tha right of way for it and the necessar franchises are nearly all secured, engi neer's estimates are all figured out, an actual work is under way. The wonde begins to be felt why somebody didn' think of such a project before.

THE proposition is simple enough. consists in building a floored trest about ten feet wide, with sides enclose to a height of about four feet, set upon strongly braced supports. Starting from a central point in Pasadena, the cycle way will wind down the Arroyo Seco on its eastern side, cross the Los An geles River below Buena Vista Street some distance, and terminate at the Plaza. The wheelman or wheelwoman will glide down this smooth way with very little exertion, stopping at a casino and park to be established at a half-way point to refresh himself, if desired. He will have no tracks or roads to cross; nothing to distract his attention from the scenery en route. What could be more delightful from the cycler's standpoint?

The charm would not be broken in reversing the trip and going back to Pasa dena, for it is said the 600-feet rise in covering the distance of nine miles is overcome so gradually that pedaling northward is as easy as on our city streets.

The achievement of the Cycleway Com pany is a notable one and not only pa trons of the wheel, but Southern Cali fornians generally, have a right to take pride in the solution of the bicycle path problem. The cost of riding on the new structure appears to have been figured down to a very low point by some sys tem of issuing annual passes with a share of stock, and altogether the enter prise has a most promising look.

Its construction will mark a new era in the history of the bicycle, while it will afford opportunity for introducing the coming motorcycle and perhaps, also the motor-carriage. Both are working their way rapidly into favor in this country and Europe, and over the floor of the cycleway each type of vehicle could be run to the best possible advantage. The topography of Southern California, es pecially in the vicinity of Los Angeles,

such that level roads are the exception, the rule, so that the necessity for the eel in all its forms is peculiarly press- here. The cycleway solves the prob-.

The Case of the Smuggled Bear

(Continued from page 29)

d her. She clung to him and whimpered e a baby. He pulled the burrs from r feet, set her down, and hurried her ward the fence.

The delay had given the patrol time begin his return trip and Vince had crouch in the chaparral with Maggie ıtil the guard rode by again. He then ırriedly got her into the shallow water urse and found that both he and aggie could crawl under the wire. He alked north until he heard the noise of approaching car. Ernest had asked ıe driver to turn out the lights. Good!

Vince intercepted the taxi, and the river, who had not been informed as the identity of his passengers at first efused to let Maggie inside. Despite the river's protests Ernest opened the back oor and got the bear into the car. He ot in with her, and Vince sat with the river. All went well until Maggie sud- nly leaned forward and encircled the ver's neck with her arm. He stopped ear, jumped out, and refused to re- n. Finally the harassed cabbie solved ne problem by standing on the running oard and driving with one arm through he window. When they reached the ickup he stopped and the boys trans- erred the bear. The driver was still puttering when Ernest handed over his ast coin.

How, Vince asked, would they be able o buy enough gas to get home? It was ıtill a long trip to Paradise. Besides, Maggie was hungry and so was he. For- unately, Ernest had friends in Douglas ınd borrowed enough money for their mmediate needs.

NEAR the Lee Place at Paradise, there was a frame house which had not been occupied since the collapse of the mining boom many years before. Undoubtedly somebody owned it, but nobody knew who. They installed Maggie in this house and her claim was never jumped.

If she had any objections to segregation, she kept them to herself; and if she was displeased she usually let it be known. That occurred infrequently for the family loved Maggie. Jane Lee's problem was to prevent the boys' overfeeding her. Maggie was a friendly little thing and grew rapidly. She was never cross, loved having visitors, and invariably put on a good performance when the boys took people to see her.

Clell Lee undertook her training program. He would take her in the pickup two or three miles from the house, put her out, and lead her through the hills. He would leave her in a tree, securely chained to a limb, and return to the house to release the pups. Maggie seemed to enjoy being trained. She had no fear of the dogs and seemed to like playing hide and seek with them. When they surrounded her perch and barked, they did not frighten her.

Because the bear was good-natured and lovable, even the Lees who knew how dangerous an animal raised in captivity could be, became so confident of her good behavior that they grew a bit careless with her. Nor could the hunters understand that she was potentially dangerous. Clell, however, insisted that when Maggie was in her house, she should be chained to a partition with enough leeway to move about but not to reach a chance caller who might enter. Of course, the bear had never attacked anybody, but that she might was a possibility that could not be ignored.

When spectators were taken to call on Maggie, she would walk back and forth, dragging her chain, but never stepping on it. People wanted to see her drink from a bottle, and even though its contents might be water, Maggie loved doing it. She also liked to frighten people. If a visitor turned his back she would rear up on her hind feet and come down on the floor with a whack. Her act was invariably effective and Maggie obviously enjoyed it. When a caller bolted for the door, Maggie stood and laughed at the coward.

VINCE and Clell took her to make a trail in the Sand Wash. After they had been gone an hour, Ernest and Dale were to turn the pups loose. When the boys who took her heard the dogs trailing they had not yet got Maggie up a tree. They didn't want the dogs to overtake them with the bear for that might nullify the purpose of the trailing. The boys hadn't much time so they left her and hid in the brush.

Maggie stood and listened attentively to the approaching pack. Then she sniffed and picked up the scent of the boys. She trailed them to their hiding place and sat down between them, looking at them as though to ask if they could play hide and seek, why couldn't she?

When the pups arrived, they began circling. The boys left Maggie and the dogs began nipping her hind legs and barking. Until they began really hurting her, the bear paid little attention to them They were just pups, weren't they? And they had never hurt her; why should she hurt them? But when one grabbed her by the heel, she got on the uphill side and charged him, Maggie usually got what she went after and it took both boys to prevent her killing that pup. Later Maggie voluntarily followed the boys to the pickup and they returned to her cabin.

As the pet bear got older, her weight increased until it was difficult to lift her into the vehicle. Handling her was dangerous and Clell reluctantly agreed that she should be disposed of before somebody got hurt. Perhaps they could sell her to a zoo, he said. When he could find time, he would write to some zoos or ask Ernest to do it.

One day while Clell was hunting, the boys butchered Maggie. Ernest felt that it was necessary and that it should be done in Clell's absence. Delaying the execution might terminate in a tragedy. Moreover, Clell would never have killed her, regardless of what she did.

Clell and Lyo Lee returned after dark while the family was still at the dinner table. The hunters were weary and hungry. Lyo was very fond of roast pork and delighted in finding it on the menu. Deer or beef they always had, but pork was rarely served because few people raised hogs and the local merchants seldom bought pork. Their mother had made delicious brown gravy and baked sweet potatoes. Her sourdough biscuits were famous and wild plum preserves perfect. Both Lyo and Clell thoroughly enjoyed the meal until it occurred to Clell to ask where they got the pork.

"We butchered," he was told.

Clell laid his fork on his plate.

"Not Maggie?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes. You admitted that keeping her was dangerous."

Clell left the table.

"I felt like a cannibal," Lyo said, "but I'd already eaten two servings of Maggie so I stayed for Aunt Jane's peach cobbler. I just know that she made the best cobbler in the world."

THE Lees got another bear and called it Pedro. He, too, was "snuck in" from Mexico. They kept him in Maggie's quarters.

The boys fastened a bolt in the floor and chained Pedro so he couldn't reach anyone coming through the door, but he almost tore the house down in his attempts to do so. Even when food and water were brought, he attempted to kill anyone who entered. Lyo said that Pedro was the meanest bear he'd ever known, and he had known several. When they hauled the bear in a pickup it took several men to load him and he tried to take the vehicle apart. At times he very nearly succeeded. When the boys took him to make a trail, two of them, each with a long chain attached to the bear, were required to keep him in line. Finally, when he attempted to attack a member of a hunting party there was nothing to do but shoot him. Nobody expressed any regrets at Pedro's demise. And the Lees never found another bear even remotely as amiable and lovable as old Maggie.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 7)

with his mother and father, or with his brothers and sisters? He was in the Civil War. He joined Co. D, 16th Reg., Illinois Cavalry March 9, 1863, and was discharged at Nashville, Tennessee on August 19, 1865.

He married Frances Richter in Yorktown, Texas October 1866. Is he the only Dlugosch who came from Prussia? I would like to hear from anyone who knows of him before 1866. Are there any records anywhere?—Beatrice (Dlugosch) Samsel, Route 1, Bowie, Texas 76230

Bond

I would appreciate information on the ancestors of William Henry Bond, born at Cairo, Illinois February 4, 1845.

His grandfather was Ezra Bond. Ezra was married to an Indian. We do not know her name, the date, place or tribe. Two of Ezra's children were Squire and Penelope. Squire married Susan Mackey. They had seven children, one being the

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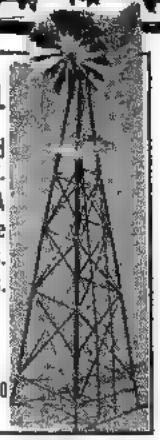

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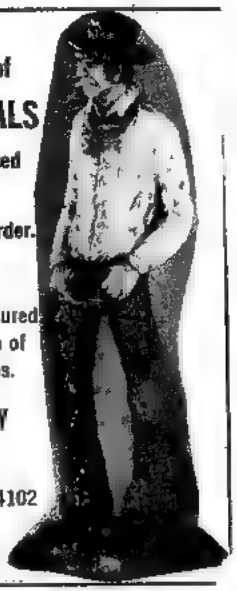

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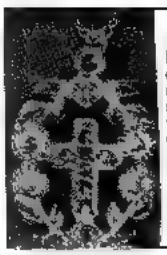

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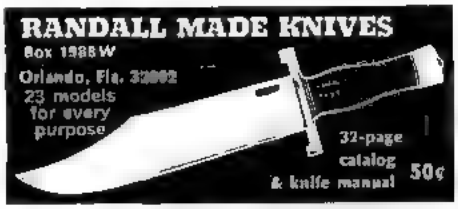

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ıve mentioned William Henry, my ındfather. Was he related in any way Governor Bond, the first governor of nois?—Mrs. Gerald Russell, Box 92, nry, Nebraska 69349

Beard

I need information about Daniel Carter Chapin Beard, born on the Rock River, ckford, Illinois; and about his father, orge Beard who came from somewhere o not know where) to settle on the ck River.

These men are my grandfather and eat-grandfather. One of them is a usin or uncle of Daniel Carter Beard, under of the Boy Scout movement in e United States.

My grandfather was a financier who ıilt one or more golf country clubs in wa. I am trying to find the families the brothers of my grandfather and ıy other information your readers may ave. There was also a sister named ellie, who married a Miller and moved La Crosse, Wisconsin. These people ere actively a part of the history of ur country, one being the illustrator or Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee t King Arthur's Court*, and other books.

Would like to hear from anyone, but ıostly the family of these men.—Douglas Beard, Apartado No. 6-371, Guadala-a, Jalisco, Mexico

Weaver

I have been trying to learn more about ny relatives on my mother's side of the family, but with no success. My mother was born Madeline Winifred Weaver in Caldwell, New York, August 10, 1903. She had a young sister Gladys. Some ime after Gladys was born, Grandmother Weaver was divorced, I believe. Grandmother later married a man whose last name was Ralph and they moved to Oregon.

I remember mother saying she had relatives in the East named Roosevelt, but can't find anything on this. If anyone has any information about the Weavers, I would appreciate hearing from them.—Everett Arnold, 504—16th Street, S. W., Puyallup, Washington 98371

Ravenscraft

I would appreciate any information on the Ravenscraft family who came from Kentucky to Missouri and settled in Callaway Couny.

Marcus Lafayette, Robert and John were small boys and the three brothers are believed to have settled in Ohio, Arkansas and Texas. Robert moved to Kansas and, I am told, changed his name to Ravenscroft. Marcus married Nancy Meredith October 24, 1840 and John married Nancy's sister, Martha, December 24, 1850, both in Callaway County, Missouri.—Mrs. Grace Ravenscraft, R. D. 10, Columbia, Missouri 65201

Hagewood

I would like information on the Hagewoods of Republic, Missouri. I know there was a Sam Hagewood who was born in Tennessee. He was married to Martha Goodin and they had eleven children: Dora, Grace, Minnie, Doll, Gertrude, Jane, Florence, William, Harrison, Clarence and Jim.

Sam Hagewood was a Cherokee Indian.—Judith Bysor, c/o Charles Swenson, Route 4, Box 735A, Carthage Missouri 64836

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

dency to talkiness, for which three traits I am everlastingly grateful.—Mary F. Germond, P. O. Box 8117, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

Walt Deegan

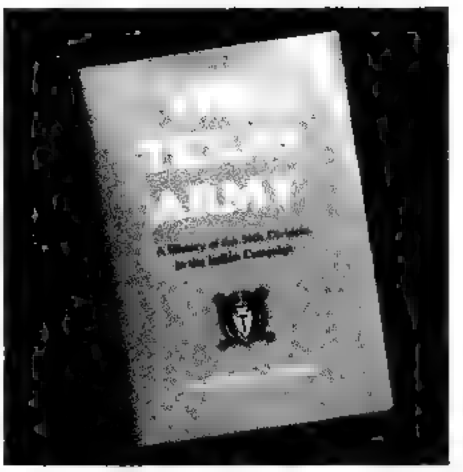
In the first two or three paragraphs on page 16 of the August TRUE WEST, Walt Coburn tells of riding in the parade of the Calgary Stampede with Walt Deegan. I knew Walt Deegan. In the last half of the summer and early fall of 1909, we were both working in Montana for the Terry and Ismay Pool Roundup. I'll tell you how I know it was the same man.

In the 1920s, I was living in western Kansas. I received a catalog from the White and Davis store in Pueblo, Colorado that carried all sorts of cowboy articles from saddles down to belt buckles. In a full-page picture they showed a man on horseback with a ready made loop hung over his shoulder like he was ready to go out and rope something. I knew that Irish mug without having to read what was below which said it was Walter Deegan, foreman of some ranch (have forgotten the name) in Calgary, Canada, who was participating in the Stampede. Naturally, he was wearing either chaps or boots or something from the White and Davis store.

Several years ago, in another one of Walt Coburn's articles, he spoke of attending the Calgary Stampede. I wrote to him and asked if he happened to run across a fellow named Walt Deegan while in Canada. I told him about working with Deegan in Montana and about seeing the picture in the store catalog.

He replied immediately and said, "Hell, yes. I know Walt Deegan," and he told me about riding in the parade with him, very much as he told it in this last article. He said that his wife had relatives in or around Calgary and he would have her write and inquire if Walt Deegan was still around. I never heard from him again. I guess it was about a year before his death that I wrote again and inquired if he had found out anything. He never answered the letter. So, I'm still wondering. There was no special friendship between Deegan and me, but there is something that makes a man wonder what has happened to a fellow he worked with so long ago.

Walt Deegan was one of the best riders that I ever saw. He knew he was good and he didn't mind talking about it a bit. There was a Texas boy named Claude McCracken who came to the outfit with his string of twelve or fifteen horses to rep for an outfit down below us on the Yellowstone. Claude was a fine rider too and as in many cases when two Fancy Dans get together, there was some rivalry



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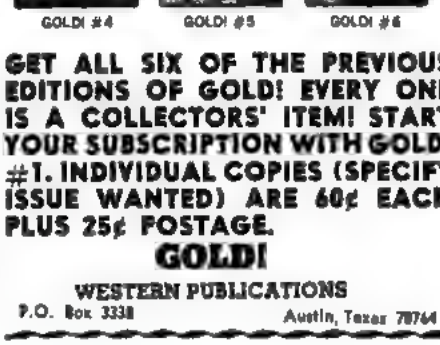

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as to which one was the best. They talked of pulling off a contest to see which was the best—backing themselves with their own money. It never came off.

Walt Deegan had in his string about the wickedest bucking horse that I ever saw. As I remember it, he was a red roan and appropriately named Strawberry. It seemed like old Strawberry picked the time and place to do his bucking and seemed to have an instinctive knowledge when his rider was unaware.

One day when we were coming in from the roundup to dinner, we were running a race. Walt, on Strawberry, was leading the pack. He turned around in the saddle to taunt us by waving to us to come on, and Strawberry broke in two. About the third jump, Walt landed in a pile. He claimed he had torn something loose inside and asked me to change horses with him. I was actually afraid to get on that roan horse, but took the chance. Nothing happened. Old Strawberry was gentle as a plow horse as I eased along into camp.

We always changed horses at noon and when I started to unsaddle Strawberry, Walt told me to leave him alone. He said, "I've got to go see a doctor. I'll take all that out of the s-o-b before I hit town."

It was about thirty miles to Ismay and then he had to take the train to anoher town to see the doctor. Walt didn't eat anything, but laid around in the shade of the cook tent for about half an hour and then got on old Strawberry and pulled out.

He caught up with us again in four or five days and he was all dressed up fit to kill. He had on new boots, a new hat and new pants and shirt and three quarts of whiskey rolled up in his slicker tied behind his saddle. He had gone down to Baker, and got doctored up for two or three days. When he got back to Ismay, they were having a rodeo bronc riding contest. He couldn't stay out of that. The horse they gave him to ride wouldn't buck and he persuaded the judges to let him enter his own horse. He went down to the livery stable and got old Strawberry that had been eating hay and grain for those three or four days and was really "feeling his oats." He put on a show that pleased everybody and won seventy-five dollars prize for Walt. There were about eighteen or twenty of us in the outfit, counting the cook and the day and night horse wranglers, and it didn't take us long to take care of the whiskey he had brought back.

A quarter-breed Cheyene named Asa Kempton was the wagon boss. They had Indian headrights on the Cheyenne Reservation down in South Dakota. They ran between three and four thousand head of cattle and a few hundred horses. They planned to close out their interests in Montana and move to the reservation. They were going to ship all two-year-old steers and over and all dry cows to the Chicago market, and all the other stock to the reservation. I quit the outfit before that took place and I always assumed that Walt Deegan went down to the reservation with the cattle. Then, somehow he worked his way up into Canada. I don't know how he got there or where he went afterwards.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

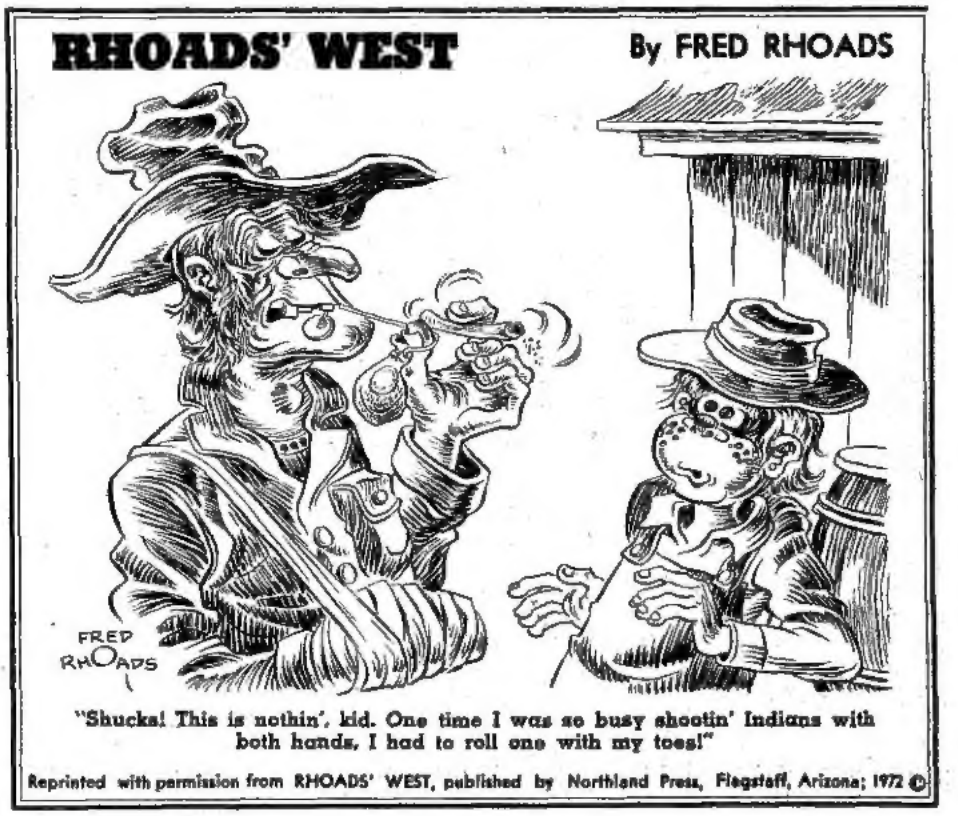
Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 5)

coming a new hobby supported by a growing number of people. The major reference on the subject is *Cast Iron Toy Pistols 1870-1940* (Rocky Mountains Arms, 6288 South Pontiac, Englewood, Colorado, $15.00) by Charles Best, owner of a large collection. The book lists and describes over 600 cast iron toy and cap pistols. It also serves as a guide to collectors who want to know where and what to look for. Some rare and unique pistols sell for hundreds of dollars and already fakes are being manufactured and the author warns buyers what to look for in both genuine and faked specimens. Toy guns made from the time of the Civil War until World War I are in particular demand. Both youngsters and mature collectors will be dazzled with the amazing design and variety of these cast iron toy pistols exhib in over 200 pages of this first edit of only 2,000 copies, each of which signed by the author and numbered.

GREAT ETHNIC HISTORY

The bucolic valleys of the Chama upper San Juan Rivers in north-cent New Mexico provides a suitable sett for *Los Primeros Pobladores* (Univ sity of Notre Dame Press, $9.95) Frances Leon Swadesh. Prepared as doctor's dissertation about Hispa Americans of the Ute Frontier, the thor has written an authoritative acco of the life and times of a unique gro She begins with the first Indian inh itants and tells of their subjugation the Spaniards, Mexicans and Ang Americans. She charmingly captures t domestic life of these people in th picturesque adobe background. The n tive stock is a mixture of Spanis Indian ancestry, largely Ute on the I dian side. We knew many of the m who came to Utah to work on cattle a sheep ranches. They were industriou clean and reliable workers who spoke Spanish idiom heavily salted with Indi words. Of special interest are the ki linked institutions with the Utes, and t latter have added a distinctive flavor t these ethnic communities. The peopl have been wracked by persecutions fr the *ricos* who have robbed them, impo upon them and often killed them. Her originated the austere Penitente r ligious cult full of pagan and Christia rites. The book is the product of brillian researches into the history, conflicts, cul tural and modern adjustments to super imposed social and legal institutions o a humble people of polyglot ancestry Recommended.



"Shucks! This is nothin', kid. One time I was so busy shootin' Indians with both hands, I had to roll one with my toes!"

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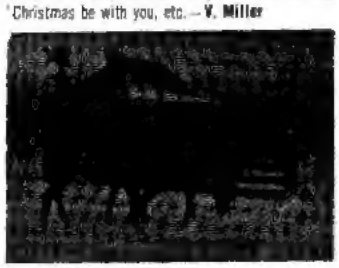

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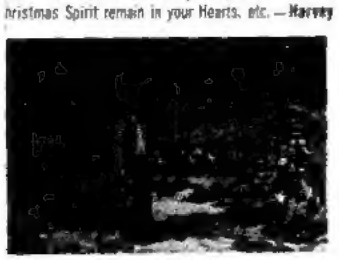

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1042 **"To wish the Season's Happiness"** — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **R. Swanson**

1740 **"The wonder of Christmas fills the world"** — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Thomas**

1005 **"Just thinkin' of you"** — With Best Wishes at Christmas ... and the Coming Year — **Deuel**

1012 **"A Christmas Howdy from the two of us"** — With Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**

1009 **From Our Outfit To Yours** — Best Wishes at Christmas and all the New Year, too — **Garvis**

T945 **Waitin' for the Christmas Mail** — May there come to you this holiday, Happiness, etc. — **Lougheed**

25 YEARS OF HAPPY
MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

1002 **"May the Great Spirit honor you"** — With Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year — **Deuel**

1036 **"The love of friend for friend"** — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Halbach**

T948 **"To have joy one must share it"** — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **Christoffersen**

1845 **Christmas Eve Callers** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

HOW TO ORDER: Write in total quantity and dollar amount remitted in proper spaces. Mix and assort at no extra cost. Order all of one kind or as many of each as desired. Fill out coupon, or order by letter, and mail with check or money order. Add postage and handling fee to price of order. Canadian residents remit in U.S. dollar values. Customs duty charged in Canada. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. California residents add 6% use tax. No C.O.D. Thank you kindly!

TOTAL QUANTITY	12	25	37	50	75	100	125	150	200	300	500
WITHOUT NAME	$2.75	$4.75	$ 7.15	$ 9.50	$14.00	$18.00	$22.25	$28.50	$35.00	$52.00	$84.50
WITH NAME	4.25	6.50	9.15	11.75	16.50	20.75	26.25	29.75	38.75	58.75	91.25
NAME AND BRAND	6.00	8.25	10.90	13.50	18.25	22.50	27.00	31.50	40.50	58.50	93.00
ADDRESS ON ENV.	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.00	3.25	3.50	4.00	5.00	7.00

Postage and Handling Fee: Orders to $7.99 add 60¢ • $8.00 to $23.99 add 80¢ • $24.00 and up add $1.00

FILL IN QUANTITY DESIRED OF EACH CARD BESIDE CARD NUMBER AT RIGHT				
	T908	1005	1032	1740
	T935	1009	1036	1816
	T945	1012	1042	1845
	T948	1025	1563	1859
	1002	RUSH FREE SAMPLE AND CATALOG ☐		

Write In Total Cards Ordered _____ Write In Total Payment Enclosed _____

NAMES TO BE PRINTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS (ENCLOSE DRAWING OF BRAND) _____

SEND CARDS AND/OR CATALOG TO: _____ R-BO17

Rte., St., or Box No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IF YOU WANT ENVELOPES IMPRINTED, CHECK HERE. ☐
SEE ADDITIONAL COST ABOVE

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH
BOX 1500, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

ORDER DIRECT FROM THIS AD OR SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND CATALOG

Keep the old-fashioned friendship and spirit of Christmas with cards from the Leanin' Tree Ranch.

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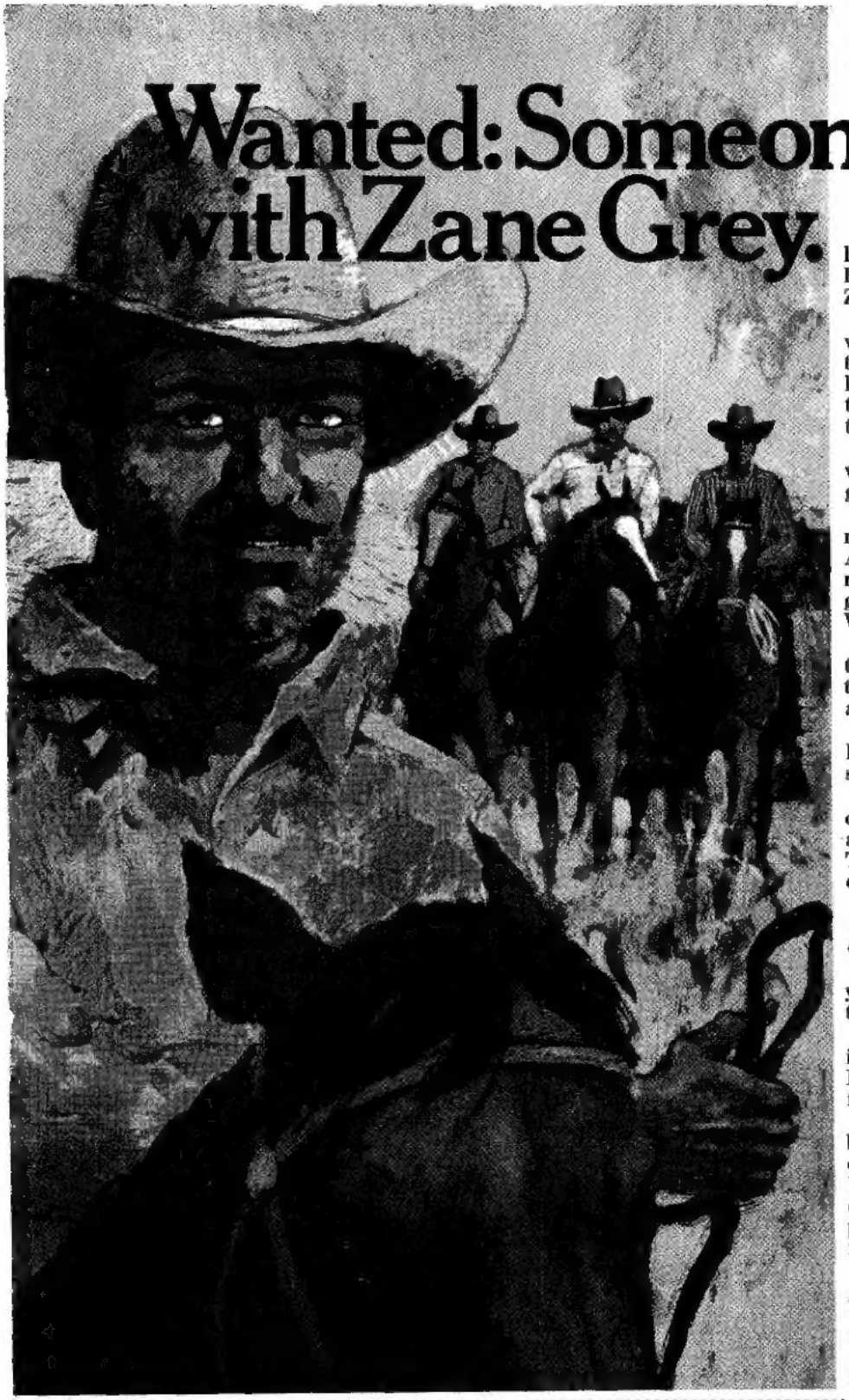
Wanted: Someone to ride with Zane Grey.



How would you like to ride hell-bent for leather into a world full of adventure and heroism—the world made vividly real by Zane Grey?

It's a world where the Plains Indians, the world's greatest horsemen, once more don their war paint to hunt scalps. And thin-lipped, soft-spoken men, squinting against the sun, carve out their destinies . . . on their own terms.

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Riders of the Purple Sage, perhaps the most popular Western ever written. Against a background of fiery action, a mysterious rider and the girl he loves gamble their lives in the winning of the West.

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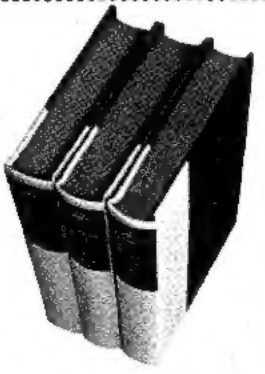

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